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Count Otto.

Act III. Scene last. (18th)

Published April 1800. by Fernor & Hood. Poultry.

OTTO
OF
WITTELSBACH;
OR,
THE CHOLERIC COUNT.

A Tragedy.
IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF
JAMES MARCUS BABO,
BY
Benjamin Thompson, Esq.



London:

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1850.

OTTO

WILHELM

JOHANN

FRANZ

JOHANN

JAMES MALCOLM BABO

BRUNNEN

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP OF SUABIA, *Emperor of Germany.*

LEWIS, *Duke of Bavaria.*

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH, *Count Palatine of Bavaria.*

HENRY, } *Brothers of Otto.*

EGBERT, }

ARTENBERG, } *Courtiers.*

WALDBURG, }

CALHEIM, *a Bavarian Count.*

WENZEL, *a Bohemian Count.*

WALLRICH, *an Imperial Herald.*

SIR FREDERICK OF REUSS.

WOLF, *Otto's Armour-Bearer.*

WILIBALD, } *Otto's Children.*

EDGAR, }

CONRAD, *and another Inhabitant of Aicha.*

STEWARD *to Reuss.*

TWO CITIZENS *of Munich.*

LUDMILLA, *Duchess of Bavaria.*

CUNIGUNDA, } *Daughters of the Emperor.*

BEATRICE, }

Knights, Warriors, Guards, Courtiers, &c.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

PLANT OF THE YEAR 1890

1890, Dec 1, 1890

Office of the Secretary of the Interior

Washington, D.C.

1890

WILSON, J.

General, a large tree

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OTTO OF WITTELSBACH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A gallery in the palace at BRAUNAU.

Enter HENRY and WOLF, on opposite sides.

Hen. WELCOME, Wolf! what bring'st thou?

Wolf. Fraternal greeting from the Count Palatine to Henry, Count of Andechs.

Hen. Whence art thou come?

Wolf. From Wittelsbach.

Hen. Where is my brother?

Wolf. On his way hither.

Hen. Indeed! How long have you been in Bavaria?

Wolf. We arrived last night from the Emperor's court at our castle. By Heavens, my Lord, you will scarcely believe me, when I tell you we were only a week in riding from Aix to Wittelsbach. Hills and woods flew so rapidly past us, that we could scarcely see them.

Hen. Why in such haste?

Wolf. My Lord, I'll tell you as much as I know of the matter. Hearing nothing from my master on the road but

“ more speed, Wolf, more speed,” I once ventured to ask a question, my Lord. “ Sir,” said I, “ why in such haste?” “ At Braunaw,” answered he, “ I’ll have my beard shorn, that I may please the women.” I perceived that he meant “ Wolf, hold your tongue, and attend to your horse;”—so I asked no more questions.

Hen. To please the women at Braunaw! Hem!

Wolf. But, my Lord, what means all this bustle in the castle? *(He speaks with a look of surprise and some indignation.)* “ I f. A!”

Hen. Know’st thou not that our Duke is to be married to day?

Wolf. Married! Not I. To whom?

Hen. To the widow of Count Albrecht of Bogen.

Wolf. What? Well, I shall now be surprised at nothing in the world. Why, she is a Bohemian.

Hen. She is young and handsome.

Wolf. *(Shakes his head)* Hem! Hem! I must see her. Farewell, my Lord.

Hen. Whither art thou going?

Wolf. Into the saloon to see the bride.

Hen. Thou wilt not be admitted.

Wolf. How! Not admitted!

Hen. None but a Knight dare enter the Duke’s apartments unbidden.

Wolf. What! May not a Bavarian greet his Prince?

Hen. Stay here, Wolf. The procession will pass through this gallery to the church, and thou wilt have a better view of it.

Enter TWO CITIZENS of Munich.

First Cit. God be with you, noble Count!

Hen. Thanks, my friends! Whence come you?

First Cit. We come from Munich to make an appeal in behalf of the citizens to our Duke.

Hen. How goes it in Munich?

First Cit. Thank Heaven, well. Since Albrecht of Bogen's followers and the Bohemians have ceased to molest us, we find good employment and subsistence. Would the whole empire were in as peaceful a state!

Wolf. It soon will be, good neighbour.

Sec. Cit. Ha! Wolf! Welcome home! Do you bring good news? Is the Count Palatine here too?

Wolf. He will soon be here.

Sec. Cit. (*To the other*) Otto is coming. He will certainly assist us.

Hen. Wolf, they approach. I must accompany the Duke to church. Should Otto arrive in the mean time, tell him his brother Henry rejoices in the hope of seeing him.

The procession appears. Fifty guards pass through the gallery, followed by many Knights and Nobles magnificently clothed. In the midst of them walks the Duke, supported by Egbert and another Peer. Henry joins them. After the Duke, walks the Duchess, supported by two ladies of rank, and followed by others. These are succeeded by more Knights and Nobles, and fifty guards close the procession.

Duke. (*As he passes*) Is not that Wolf, the Squire of the Count Palatine?

Wolf. (*Goes to him.*) Your Highness is right.

Duke. (*Stops.*) What art thou doing here, without thy master?

Wolf. He sent me to prepare for his reception.

Much. Why do they not proceed?

The ladies tell her that the Duke is in conversation with Wolf.

Duke. My cousin Otto is coming to see me, then! I rejoice to hear it. But why did he send you? My Palace is always ready for his reception. Farewell, Wolf. [*Proceeds.*]

Duch. (*As she passes.*) His presence was not exactly necessary.

Manent WOLF, and the TWO CITIZENS.

Wolf. Why did you not make your appeal?

First Cit. We saw that the Duchess did not like to be detained,

Sec. Cit. She seemed angry because the Duke spoke to you.

First Cit. Well, we have lost nothing by the delay, for the Count Palatine arrives, our petition is as good as when granted. He will never suffer a Bavarian to be aggrieved.

Trumpets are heard at a distance.

Wolf. Hark! Now they are in the church.

First Cit. Don't you think the Duchess handsome?

Sec. Cit. Yes, very handsome.

Wolf. True. In the whole procession, which seemed calculated for a display of magnificence and beauty, there was certainly nothing, which could be compared with her person, but that she was offended when the Duke spoke to me—Hem! A Duchess of Bavarian blood would not have been so.

First Cit. Well, well! She, perhaps, did not mean it amiss.—But, what news do you bring from the Emperor's court?

Wolf. None but good. Strasburg, Erfort and Aix are our's. Well may I say *our's*, for our Otto did most towards the conquest of them. Without him the Emperor Philip would but have been an arm without a sword, or a sword without an arm.

First Cit. How it delights me to hear such tidings! Yes. The race of Wittelsbach is the glory of Bavaria. Long may it continue so!

Wolf. Thanks, countryman! Don't doubt it.

First Cit. The Emperor will surely reward the Count Palatine most royally.

Wolf. He will. Don't you know how?

First Cit. No.

Wolf. He will reward him with the hand of one of his daughters.

Sec. Cit. What say you?

Wolf. That Otto of Wittelsbach will soon be the Emperor's son-in-law.

First Cit. Heavens! How happy you make us! Come, Wolf, come with us, and let us drink to your brave master's health.

Wolf. I thank you, good men, but I must await his arrival here. I never in my life had it in my power to blame him for any thing, except that he is apt to forget his horse has no wings, and may at last be tired. But hark! 'Tis he. No one rides thus but Otto.

Enter OTTO.

First and Sec. Cit. Hail to the noble Count Palatine! Welcome, welcome to your native land!

Otto. Many thanks to you, dear Bavarians! Ha! Were not thou one of my followers, when I fought against Albrecht of Bogen?

Sec. Cit. I was, my Lord.

Otto. Why, you told me you meant to settle in Munich.

Sec. Cit. And did so, too, my Lord. We two are deputed by the Citizens to make an appeal to our gracious Duke. (*To First Cit.*) Speak.

First Cit. My Lord, the city of Munich has received a command from the Emperor, which infringes on its rights.

Otto. The Emperor infringes on your rights, do you say? He is not apt to do that.

First Cit. It is his command that we shall pay an annual tribute of sixty-five silver marks, on account of the advantages we derive from the salt trade. This has never been done in the memory of man, and we therefore come to beg that our Duke would be graciously pleased to state it as a grievance in the Imperial courts.

Otto. If it be not customary and just, you shall not pay the sixty-five marks.

First Cit. It is not customary and just.

Otto. Then you shall pay nothing.

First Cit. We will tell the citizens that we must not pay the tribute.

Otto. Do so, and greet them in my name.

First Cit. We return you thanks, my noble Lord. Heaven bless you and your children, that we may always know where to apply for protection!

Otto. Farewell, my countrymen. At Wittelsbach I would regale you, but here—

First Cit. Oh, to have seen you is a greater treat than any banquet. God preserve you, noble Count! [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Wolf. I delivered your greeting to the Count of Andechs, and every thing is ready for your reception at the palace.

Otto. Knew my brother I was coming?

Wolf. No. I thought he seemed surprised at it.

Otto. Where is he?

Wolf. In the church. Had you come a moment sooner, you would have seen the handsome couple, and the Nobles of the land pass through this gallery. The sight would have been worth the trouble, I assure you, sir.

Otto. Think'st thou so, Wolf? No—we ought to have been more speedy—we ought to have been here a week ago.

Wolf. Merciful Heavens! We must have ridden on the wind, then. But why sooner? You are arrived in time for the celebration of the marriage.

Otto. That is exactly what I did not wish. Half my possessions would I give, had I not come to the celebration of this marriage. Wolf, hold yourself ever in readiness, as if we were at an inn.

Wolf. I will, my Lord. Dare I speak as I think?

Otto. On your life in no other way.

Wolf. Why, then, I think we seem to be at an inn, where the same attention is not paid as heretofore. When you used to come hither, old and young, great and small ran to greet you; but to-day not even a dog, belonging to the Duke, makes its appearance.

Otto. So much the better, Wolf. The Duke's dogs are idle dogs. They are fed to do nothing.

[*Trumpets are again heard.*]

Wolf. I believe they are coming from church. Yes, see!

The procession returns in the same order as it went. The Duke, Henry, and Egbert step out to welcome Otto. The procession stops. Wolf goes.

Duke. You are welcome, dear kinsman. I rejoice that you favour me with your presence on this festive day.

Hen. and Egb. Welcome, brother Otto, welcome!

Otto. I am the man to scent a feast at the distance of a hundred miles. I am glad you had so much confidence in my nose, as to think any intelligence or invitation needless. (*The Duke starts.*) Dare I venture to greet

your Lady in my dusty armour? (*She just enters with her train.*) Duchess, my best wishes for your welfare announce me as your humble servant.

Duc. I thank you, my Lord.

Duke. Come with us, Otto.

Otto. Pardon me. I will not by my rude appearance darken the splendour of the day. I shall attend you in your cabinet.

Duke. Well, as you please. (*To an attendant.*) Are the Count's rooms ready for his reception? (*The attendant shrugs his shoulders.*) Look after them instantly. Well kinsman, I expect you. [*They proceed.*]

Manent OTTO and HENRY.

Otto. Henry!—Oh that I could compress my whole thoughts into one word, and declare what is passing in this boiling breast! Tell me—what think you of this union?—Brother, shrug not your shoulders thus instead of answering, nor look around as if some one were listening to us. Speak boldly—boldly as a man.

Hen. I wish the Duke had not done this.

Otto. Now by all that is good and holy, had I been here, it should not have been done. But I was the last, who was acquainted with it. Lewis's union was the tale of all the Emperor's court, ere I had learnt it. Is it thus that I am treated?

Hen. How! Did you receive no notice—no invitation?

Otto. I tell you, no. I should perhaps have been still in ignorance, had not the Emperor assured me such was the case. He—he himself sent me to my kinsman's wedding.

Hen. I understand it not.

Otto. But when I tell you that not long ago I asked the Emperor to bestow his younger daughter on my kinsman,

Lewis, and was not refused—understand you, now, what all this means?

Hen. By Heavens, if this be as you say—

Otto. It is, it is. The Emperor sent me hither. Could he have any intention than to prevent this act of folly? He did not say thus much, but had I been, at that moment, capable of forming any other idea, it appeared as strongly in his tone, in his every look, as it is at this moment graven in my heart. By my faith, had any evil spirit wished to torment me with a dreadful dream, the most crafty of all demons must he have been, if he had succeeded in filling my brain with such fancies. Oh! Heaven grant my anger may not make me as talkative as a court-sycophant! Had any one told me that the firmament would fall upon us, I would have answered: “Let it fall;” but never can I tamely bear to hear that Bavaria’s Duke, while professing to be our Emperor’s friend, has married a cousin of Bohemian Ottocar, who clings as closely to the Duke of Brunswick as the iron to a horse’s hoof.

Hen. Brother, many things have lately happened, which have led me to suppose that our Emperor not only approves of this connection, but has even promoted it. Ludmilla may, perhaps, have reconciled her uncle Ottocar to the Emperor.

Otto. Ludmilla reconciled her uncle! She, who so much rejoiced at the anticipated desolation of Bavaria! ’Twas she alone, who encouraged Albrecht to form an alliance with Bohemia, in order to exterminate us all.

Hen. I may be wrong, but my conjecture is not without foundation.

Otto. Explain, then, what you know.

Hen. Not here, my brother. Retire with me to some place, where we can converse without interruption.

Otto. To converse without interruption I will go with

you; but not as if I wished to creep into a corner, and in a smothered voice give vent to the sensations of my soul. My words are bold and loud; for I have not a thought, which I am not ready to avow. [Exeunt.

Scene. *An apartment in the Castle.*

Enter DUCHESS and WENZEL.

Duc. Kinsman, I assure you his hatred and friendship cannot be so indifferent to me, and I know he hates me. His arrival has, doubtless, quite another cause than that which he declares. He is not the man, who would forsake the Emperor's court for nothing, or for mere politeness. My husband has just informed me that he seemed highly incensed at not having had any notice of our marriage. I am sure he will suppose me to be the cause of this, and policy dictated it; for had he gained earlier notice of our intentions, all my hopes would have been destroyed.

Wen. True, but why need you now be afraid of him? Your Lord's affections and your own privileges place you beyond his power.

Duc. What I am, I am become through affection, and no power is more wavering than that which depends upon the humours of a husband. My Lewis is young, and, I am not so vain as to build upon the continuance of his passion. There are men, who, without fair words and smooth discourse, obtain a safe command over another's inclination: Of these Otto is one. The fame of his exploits gives him consequence throughout the empire, and, I have often observed, that my husband feels a reverence towards him, mingled with fear. All this makes me uneasy,—I therefore wish you, cousin, to sound his opinions, and if it be possible to convert his hatred into friendship, or at least into indifference.

Wen. Be assured I will leave no means untried to gratify your wishes. I will lull to repose my hatred towards this haughty man, and devote my mind entirely to your service.

Duc. Enough! You shall find me not ungrateful.—My husband comes.—More of this, anon. [Exit. *Wen.*

Enter DUKE.

Duke. My love, how can you so long deprive me of your company? You know my heart thinks every moment lost, which is not spent with you.—Why is your countenance less bright than heretofore? What lies so heavy on your heart as to disturb you on this happy day?

Duc. My husband! My Lewis! What bliss is there in those words!—But let me not declare the trifling cause of my uneasiness, lest your affection should find some fancied consequence in a mere trifle.

Duke. It must be as my dearest thinks it—yet let me know it.—Unbounded confidence is the most sacred duty of affection. Conceal not from me, I beseech you, one emotion of your mind.

Duc. Oh, why is human nature allowed no perfect bliss? Even the happiest state is embittered by the thought of its doubtful continuance. Lewis, I had but one wish, (*Takes his hand*) this!—It is gratified—completely gratified—(*Embracing him*)—but—

Duke. Speak, my life, oh speak!

Duc. I am disturbed by the sentiments of your kinsman—the Count Palatine. He hates me.

Duke. You! the emblem of beauty and affection! Then must his blood be gall, and his heart the repository of baseness.

Duc. I am certain that he hates me. He considers me the cause of all the misery inflicted on Bavaria by Count

Albrecht. To my charge he in his own mind lays all the devastations occasioned by the incursions of your Bohemian neighbour.—Must not this distress me?

Duke. Be at ease, my love. When he becomes acquainted with your noble mind, repentance for his error will be a sufficient punishment.

Duc. Believe me an animosity so rooted is not so easily removed. To be convinced that I am innocent, it is necessary he should see with an unbiassed eye. An object, which is hateful through habit, appears ugly on every side.

Duke. Otto is really not malicious.

Duc. I am silent.

[*She sighs.*]

Duke. Dearest, this mournful look pierces my very soul. Tell me—What can I do to relieve you?—I'll speak to Otto. His heart is open, and his sentiments are on his lips. I shall soon learn whether there is any foundation for your uneasiness. Rely on me.

Duc. I was just applying to Count Wenzel on this subject when you entered. I desired him to vindicate me to your cousin Otto.

Duke. Vindicate! That need not be done by my wife. It is only the criminal, who needs defence. Who are you, and who am I? I own I should be glad that my kinsman Otto approved of my choice; but to your perfections, and to no other motive will I be obliged for his approbation. Were such my wish, I need but tell him that through you the Emperor obtains the friendship of Ottocar; and, from that moment, he would be your first of friends.

Duc. I should be happy if he knew it.

Duke. He shall—and be ashamed of having, for a moment, mistaken you. But one doubt distresses me.

Duc. What is it, my dear Lord?

Duke. Whether my cousin knows that the Emperor is about to bestow one of his daughters on Duke Ottocar.

Duc. That Wenzel shall try to discover.—But see, the Count Palatine approaches.

Enter OTTO.

Duke. Welcome once more, good kinsman.

Otto. The Emperor commends him to you, and wishes you all happiness. He likewise commanded me to state that he relies upon your sending the usual supply of vassals, and supporting him with your alliance as hitherto.

Duke. I hope you assured the Emperor of my zeal in his service?

Otto. I did.—(*Looks scornfully at the Duc.*)

Duc.—(*Aside.*)—Ha! Disdain!—Count, if you perceived that I was present, I beg you likewise to observe that I withdraw. [Exit.

Duke. Kinsman, what has my wife done, that you survey her with a look as bold as if she were a base and wanton wench?

Otto. What have your ancestors and subjects done, that you should make this woman your wife?

Duke. Who can produce a charge against her virtue? I challenge any one to make the attempt. She deserves to be Bavaria's Duchess. I know, you are, in general, not unreasonable. Your sentiments are candid. Tell me frankly why you are exasperated against my wife.

Otto. Can I like the serpent, which stung my brother or my son? Still bleed the wounds inflicted on my native country by Bohemia's arms.

Duke. How is my wife to blame for this?

Otto. She it was, who sharpened the steel, and urged to war.

Duke. No, on my word, she never encouraged slaughter.

Many a tear did she shed for the misfortunes which her late husband's fury brought upon Bavaria.

Otto. It may be so. Enough is it for me that she is our Emperor's foe, being the friend of his most deadly foe.

Duke. This seems to you so certain that you ground your hatred on it. Kinsman, I do not in any thing chuse to excite your reproaches. I loved you ever—love you still. Many would ridicule my conduct, if they knew that I demeaned myself so far as to defend my consort to a man, who is not my master, or my father.

Otto. Why do you this, Duke?

Duke. Because I do not wish to think you unjust.

Otto. I love my native land, my race, and Philip.

Duke. So do I.

Otto. And yet you form a connexion, which binds you to Bohemia's Duke, and to the Emperor's avowed rival, Brunswick's Otto. Our native land, our race's fame and Philip's rights are torn from your heart.

Duke. Then would it bleed.—No, this alliance binds the Bohemian Duke to our side.

Otto. To your's, and drags you to his Otto.

Duke. Why talk of Otto?—Ottocar is Philip's friend.

Otto. The Emperor Philip's friend!

Duke. Knew you not that?

Otto. Not I—nor do I yet know it. Ottocar, Duke of Bohemia, and Ally to Brunswick's Otto, Philip's friend?

Duke. This was the dowry of my wife. I required her cousin's friendship towards the Emperor.

Otto. And did she promise it?

Duke. She promised and procured it. Long since did Ottocar acknowledge Philip as the lawful Emperor, and enter into alliance with him. This, of course, you know, but that my consort was the author of the reconciliation, you seem to have been ignorant.

Otto. For Heaven's sake, be serious.

Duke. You seem astonished. Surely Ottocar's alliance with Philip is not unknown to you?

Otto. You banter me.

Duke. By my soul I do not. They are friends—friends through the interference of my wife.

Otto. Indeed!—Ha! I comprehend this. Where there is no danger Otto is not wanted. Now, by Heavens this is not right. To deceive *me*!

Duke. Who has deceived you?

Otto. I hope, no one—but at a distance it wears a villainous appearance.

Duke. Of what are you talking?

Otto. Think!—Not to say a word to me!—Not one word!—Philip not to say one word to Otto!

Duke. To you, the worthiest of his confidence! I thought the whole affair was as well known to you as to me. The negotiation between Ottocar and Philip has been on foot three months.

Otto. Three months!—It is not longer since I asked the Emperor to bestow on you his younger daughter.

Duke. What answered he?

Otto. Smiling, he told me it perhaps might happen.—I now for the first time comprehend his *might*.—God of Heaven! What is this?—I beseech you apologize in my behalf to your fair consort. If poor Otto's friendship be of any value to her, assure her she possesses it.

Duke. I am happy to see you convinced that she is worthy of it.

Otto. And now, farewell 'till we meet again. God be with you!

Duke. Will you away so soon?

Otto. I feel as if my guardian angel beckoned me away. God be with you!

Duke. After the repast.

Otto. Oh, I can neither eat nor drink. Farewell.

Enter WENZEL.

Duke. See! Here comes Duke Ottocar's ambassador, and kinsman, Count Wenzel.

Wen. I reckon this day the happiest of my life, as I am allowed in person to greet the valiant Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach.

Otto. Without ceremony, I beg. How fares Count Wenzel?

Duke. Have you seen each other before?

Wen. Never in my life, but Otto's fame is as public as the light of day. When in foreign countries Germany is mentioned, Otto of Wittelsbach is always quoted among the first of its heroes.

Otto. Why all this? We have seen each other before.

Duke. As I said, Otto, after the repast. *[Exit.*

Wen. What you say is strange. I know not that I ever saw you 'till to-day.

Otto. Still more strange is it that you require an explanation of a circumstance so trifling. Who commanded the Bohemians, in the last battle against us?

Wen. When you conquered us? 'Twas I, but I saw you not.

Otto. It was broad day, and, by the Almighty, none of my enemies can ever say I did not shew myself.

Wen. I saw the army, but was not idle or cool enough to distinguish any one. My defeat alone convinced me that Otto fought against us.

Otto. Remind me not of that conquest, for it did me little credit.—There was a coward among your first warriors.

Wen. Do you know him?

Otto. Blue was his armour, and a black plume waved on his helmet. He stalked across the field more haughty than courageous, but when the attack commenced, he vanished. I at length espied him at a distance from the throng, and ran towards him—but he fled. “Hold,” cried I, “blue knight, break a lance with me.” The blue coward fled.

Wen. (*Aside.*) Damnation!—(*Aloud.*) Well, Count Palatine, you know such men are to be found in every army. 'Tis enough that you subdued us.—Who would have thought that instead of meeting in the field, we should encounter each other here?

Otto. True. The world is full of changes.

Wen. I shall now lose no more battles against you, but may hope soon to conquer with you.

Otto. I only beg you will not bring the blue knight with you. Our Bavarians know him.

Wen. (*Alarmed.*) Know him!

Otto. Enough of this. Have you been long here?

Wen. My kinsman Ottocar deputed me to announce his alliance with the Emperor to Duke Lewis. In truth, no order could have been more welcome to me. All my trouble is thereby rewarded.

Otto. What trouble?

Wen. To obtain a victory is often not so difficult as to graft friendship on the tree of discord.—The Emperor knows who gained him Ottocar's alliance.

Ott. Who?

Wen. Your kinsman's wife and I.

Otto. And dare you vouch for the continuance of these sentiments?

Wen. That, Count Palatine, is at present the grand object. I daily expect orders to proceed to the Emperor's court, where I shall tie the band of amity into a knot, which mortal hands can never loose.

Otto. That were a master-piece of policy.

Wen. Yet is it easily comprehended. Philip has two daughters.

Otto. Methinks your ideas make strange transitions. From the knot which no mortal hand can loose to Philip's daughter!

Wen. Not so, Count Palatine. I just wanted to shew you the end of the thread, which is to form this knot. You hold the highest place in the confidence and favour of the Emperor. Doubtless, therefore, you have been some time absent from his court, as you seem ignorant of what I mean. To be brief, the Emperor's eldest daughter, Cunigunda, is to be married to Ottocar.

Otto. (*Starts, and looks at him.*) Is to be?

Wen. You are right. *Is*, I might have said; for nothing is wanting but the benediction of the priest. The treaty is concluded.

Otto. Ha! Ha!—Is this another piece of your policy?

Wen. Ask the Emperor, or believe me on my word. I was present.

Otto. By my word your's is false.

Wen. Count Palatine!

Otto. Pshaw! Thus should you have looked at me, when I called: "Blue knight, break a lance with me."

Wen. Death and destruction!

Otto. Enraged! Well, be it as you please.—Ha! Ha! Ottocar's wife! Pray tell me the tale again before your fury choakes you.

Wen. May my soul be damned if this insult shall be unrevenged.

Otto. Why talk of insult and revenge? I advise you not to use such words—Your heat has made me cool enough to perceive that your tale of Ottocar's alliance was a mere joke. Now, Count Wenzel, if in your conscience you think I have said too much, I crave your pardon. My brain was teeming with ideas which would not let me relish any joke.

Wen. I never joked with you, Count Palatine, and never will. Why am I thus insulted on account of things which concern not either of us? Why is my word disputed? It galls your haughty soul, perhaps, that Philip should bestow his daughter, or Ottocar accept her, without your consent.

Otto. Now, by the powers of heaven, this blue knight has wounded me so deeply that I feel it through my very marrow.—I must away.—'Tis incredible—Philip—Oh, 'tis most false—but I must away.—Blue knight, take my advice. Leave your sword at home, and go with your tongue into the field. If your aim be always as good, as it has been just now, your female armour can never fail to vanquish hardy manhood. [Exit.

Wen. Have I then really hit the mark, without intending it?—Yes, yes. E're long, when all my nerves are strung, trust me thou shalt feel the blue knight's lance. If I tamely submit to such an insult, may I—

Enter DUCHESS.

Duc. Well, Count! he just now left you.

Wen. Oh, mention it not, I beseech you.—Heavens and earth! Such an insult!

Duc. How!

Wen. It is more infamous than you can fancy.

Duc. What said he? Speak.

Wen. No. Let me be silent, I intreat.

Duc. If you intend me to remain your friend, speak.

Wen. I must, then—but let me, at least, think of words to shroud his diabolical ideas.—No, by Heaven, I cannot. You will be incensed at me, for being able to utter such an abominable falsehood.

Duc. Be it what it may, I will know it.

Wen. “She is a mere lascivious strumpet, who has tickled my kinsman’s appetite with loose caresses, or perhaps, with love-inspiring potions.”

Duc. I!

Wen. Yes. The villain!

Duc. Villain, indeed! His ruin is resolved.

Wen. At the same time, he—

Duc. Enough! My heart will break.

Wen. And should I not think of vengeance?

Duc. Yes. Vengeance! Vengeance!

Wen. Come into your chamber. There we will consider—

Duc. Consider! Oh, were I a man like you—did I but wear a sword like you—

Wen. You are right. I will pursue him, and demand satisfaction.—But may I rely on your protection?

Duc. All the blame shall rest on me.

Wen. ’Tis well.—I only request, that, ’till my return, you will not mention the subject to the Duke.

Duc. What have I done to the wretch, that he should thus load me with infamy? Had he plunged a poniard into my heart, Heaven knows I could have forgiven him.—But this insult!—Oh my kinsman, avenge my wrongs.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene.—*The Gates of the Castle.*

Enter OTTO.

Otto. I have heard that a diadem will sometimes harden the heart and turn the brain. Oh! How sorry should I be, were I obliged to bellow in the ear of Philip:—“Thou hast not kept thy promise.”—Shame would choak me, could any man address me thus. Still can I hear him say to me:

“Thou shalt have Cunigunda;” and now he wants to sell her to Bohemia’s Duke. Ottocar offers wavering friendship—Otto of Wittelsbach has paid with blood. Why do I tarry here?—Wolf, where art thou?—Beatrice may make a good housewife too—perhaps more suitable to me. But why this secrecy?

Enter WOLF

Wolf, where are the horses?

Wolf. There they stand, ready.

Hen. (At a distance.) Brother Otto!

Otto. Who calls?

Wolf. Your brothers are approaching. I’ll go to the horses, and await your coming. *[Exit.*

Enter HENRY and EGBERT.

Hen. Brother, whither go you?

Otto. Can you, at the distance of *eighty miles, see whether some villany be not plotting, which concerns you?

Egb. No. Why so?

Otto. Therefore I must away. Heaven be with you!

Hen. What is your purpose?

Otto. As soon as I know it I will dispatch a messenger to you. As yet I know nothing, except that I must away. Farewell, brothers. Happy is it for you, that you can thus spend your days in the bosom of our native land.

Hen. Remain with us in Bavaria. Leave the Emperor’s court.

* One of these is equal to five or six English miles.

Otto. My duty and my word oblige me to dwell there, among a crowd of servile parasites. There the courtier smiles and prays, while villany is busy in his mind—kisses and greets his brother-courtier, while malice rankles in his heart.

Egb. You have fulfilled your promise. Stay with us. Methinks some mighty deed awaits you.

Otto. Think'st thou so?—Then shall the mighty deed find Otto ready.—Remember me in your prayers, good Egbert.—Henry, you will merit my thanks by going to Wittelsbach, and looking after my two boys. I shall take the nearest road to court. On my arrival, I found Wilibald not well.

Hen. Will you not soon bestow a mother on them?

Otto. Ha!—No more! I must away. Greet the Duke in my name, and assure the Duchess of my regard.—Farewell, Egbert!—Farewell, Henry! Heaven grant we may meet again at this place—or rather at Wittelsbach; for there I always feel as if the spirits of our princely ancestors dwelt in each gallery and room, where formerly they stood projecting mighty deeds, or happy in the conscious recollection of having atchieved them. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT. II.

Scene.—*An Apartment in the Emperor's Palace at Aix.*

Enter CUNIGUNDA and BEATRICE. They stop, and seem to be listening.

Cun. Hark! The heavy portals turn upon their massy hinges.—How I tremble!—Artenberg is conducting the messenger to my father. Oh! How I dread the tidings which he brings.

Bea. Alas! No doubt you soon will be the wife of Ottocar,—then you must leave this castle.

Cun. Oh dearest Beatrice!

Bea. When I am left, how sad and dreary will every thing appear! Instead of enjoying a sister's society, I shall wander quite alone through the vaulted corridors, which echo with the din of arms. Oh! let me go with you to Bohemia.

Cun. Dearest sister, might I but be allowed to wander through these vaulted corridors, how happy should I be! But who can tell what fate awaits me? I do not know the man to whom I am to be united. Even my father, who has destined me to be his wife, has never seen him. He is, perhaps, rude as the manners of his native land.

Bea. On that account let me go with you: I will share your joys and sorrows.

Cun. If my father would consent, most willingly.

Bea. Ask him. I hope he will.

Cun. He is of late become so gloomy and morose, that I scarcely have courage to address him. Often have I endeavoured to discover whence his discontent arises, but in vain. The Duke of Brunswick cannot now make any claim to the Imperial crown, for Ottocar, his principal ally, has joined my father. Almost all Germany is on Philip's side, and victory seems bound to his banners.

Bea. Alas, my Cunigunda! Would we were in our native Suabia! There our father was always affectionate, and kind to us. But since the Imperial diadem—

Cun. Some one approaches.

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Are you here, children? Come hither! Give me a kiss.

Cun. It is long since you allowed us such a happiness.

Phi. (*To Beatrice.*) Why do you gaze upon me thus, as if it were a rarity to see me?

Bea. This gracious look, this kindness towards us—

Phi. Is somewhat unusual, you would say. Why, yes. Anxiety disturbs my mind, and overspreads my countenance. Fortune has never rightly smiled upon me, but to-day she did it in a dream. (*To Beat.*) Be cheerful too, my Beatrice. You shall be made happy soon. Now, leave us. I have something to impart in private to your sister.

[*Exit. Beat.*

Cunigunda, Duke Ottocar is eager to possess his bride. This makes me truly happy, for I always thought he might alter his intentions. His messenger has rid me of this fear, and we will hasten your departure.—What now?

Cun. My father, this unexpected news—

Phi. Unexpected it may be, but not unwished. I recollect, indeed, that once, when I made mention of this union,

you evinced some opposition to it, but that will probably not be the case again, for I said a few words to you at that time—

Cun. My father, I know my duty.

Phi. You are wise, my Cunigunda—therefore I love you. Now listen to me. You will soon become the wife of a Prince who was my enemy. It has cost me much trouble to bring him over to my interest, and your hand was at last fixed upon to be the pledge of reconciliation. When you are in his land, let not the husband drive the father from your recollection. Observe every thing that passes, and give me notice of it. I will send some cool experienced man to assist you in every case with his advice, and maintain our communication. Beware of disclosing this to your husband, if you love yourself or me, be not cajoled by Ottocar's caresses.

Cun. I cannot do this, my father.

Phi. How?

Cun. Is Ottocar still your foe, that you would even send a spy into his bed-chamber?

Phi. This foolish language I expected not from Cunigunda—but more on this subject anon. Meanwhile, devote your whole attention to your dress and ornaments, that you may appear before your husband in all the splendour of an Emperor's daughter. Spare no expense—your father will not grudge it.—But ere I go, I have some pleasing tidings for you. Ottocar informs me, by his wife's messenger, that my rival, Brunswick's Otto, will soon send an ambassador hither—and for what purpose, think you?

Cun. To sue for peace, perhaps, or a temporary cessation of hostilities.

Phi. To sue for Beatrice in marriage.

Cun. My sister!

Phi. Her dowry is to be my friendship, and on this condition he renounces all his claims to the Imperial crown.

Cun. Oh Heavens!

Phi. Do you weep?—I comprehend you not to day.

Cun. Be not angry, gracious father. I was distressed at the difference between my situation and my sister's. She remains in Germany, and has a German husband, while I am sent away, far from every one dear to me. Transplant a twig from any country to a wild and foreign soil—then see how soon it droops: No dew refreshes it, no sun-beam animates its growth—it droops and dies.

Phi. Peace!

Enter ARTENBERG.

Art. A knight is arrived from the Duke of Brunswick, and humbly craves a private audience with your Majesty.

Phi. Conduct him hither. (*Exit. Art*) Ottocar, you see, is a noble friend. With him the deed follows the word. Go my child, I love you, but be wise. Go. [*Exit Cun.*

Enter ARTENBERG and REUSS. - Phil

Art. Sir Frederick of Reuss, ambassador from Otto, Duke of Brunswick.

Phi. Speak, Sir Frederick.

Reu. Otto, the Holy Roman Emperor, sends greeting—

Phi. How! What?—No more! Wert thou commanded to address me thus?

Reu. I beseech you—

Phi. Not another word! Our German empire is not a double headed monster.—A healthy well-formed body has but one head. Otto of Brunswick would have been a profitable member; but as he now dares to act, he may be com-

pared to an excrescence, which deforms the whole, and which must be cut away. By my faith I could not have believed such arrogance. He assumes to himself the highest of all dignities, to which he has no further claim than by his youthful indiscretion, and the instigation of a few rebellious princes, who hope by discord to evade the punishment of their transgressions. Such are his dependants and counsellors. Do men like these form an Imperial court? Would it not be better for him, were he to promote the welfare of our empire, and acquire the state's respect, than thus to draw upon himself a recompence, which he has not deserved? I thought he was reflecting upon this, and kept my forces back because I would not willingly stain German swords with German blood; but now, as his rank pride increases, as his insulting arrogance resounds even in my own Imperial residence—now, I will proceed as rigid justice dictates. Yet thou shalt see how well inclined I am to tread the path of kindness. Count Artenberg, I vest you with full power to hear him in my name; but, at the first syllable which encroaches on my dignity, break off the conference, and give him safe conduct from our court without delay.

[Exit.

Reu. Give me safe conduct, then, that I may leave your court without delay.

Art. Would you do this ere you have fulfilled your Prince's mandate?

Reu. I am old, and know the customs between Prince and Prince. I have often been employed in embassies, but never was I treated thus—even like an offensive letter, which one tramples on, or tears.—Give me safe conduct from your court.

Art. I pray you, moderate your anger. Your business is, perhaps, of such a nature as to pacify the Emperor.

Reu. My business may be stated in few words. Otto

would willingly resign his claims, his just, well-founded claims to the Imperial crown, on one condition. "Peace and concord," says he, "are better than dignity and power. The empire shall perceive that I deserve to be its head, because on its account I forfeit all my title to the dignity."

Art. That is noble. What is the condition which you mentioned?

Reu. The hand of Philip's younger daughter. To none but his father-in-law will Otto yield.

Art. I will instantly state this to the Emperor.

Reu. Do so.—Tell me, dwells the Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach in the palace?

Art. He is in Bavaria.

Reu. No. He entered the city with me but an hour ago.

Art. How! Is he here?

Reu. He overtook me near Cologne, and from that place we came together. He has had an infamous adventure on the journey. Have you heard no account of it?

Art. None.

Reu. Soon after he left Braunaw, he was attacked by a troop of armed horsemen; while defending himself against the villains, he espied a knight, who from a distance viewed the battle. Otto, conceiving him to be the instigator, rushed towards him, and with a single blow dispatched the coward. He deserved not such a noble death. It was Count Wenzel, Ottocar's kinsman and ambassador to Lewis. The titled scoundrel was the foe of every upright man, and hence we see the demon Envy rages sometimes even in the blood of princes.

Art. This is a strange adventure.—You did not tell Count Otto what was the nature of your embassy?

Reu. My embassy is a secret. I bear a seal upon my lips.

Art. 'Tis well.—If I thought you would not treat a well-meant caution with contempt—

Reu. You must have a bad opinion of me, if you think I—

Art. Heaven forbid! But one may sometimes create suspicion with the best intention, especially when every circumstance cannot be explained.

Reu. Tell me but what it is, and I will make a proper use of it.

Art. Do not have much concern with the Count Palatine, if you wish to obtain the Emperor's good opinion.

Reu. (*Starts back with astonishment, but recovers.*) I thank you. [Exit Art.]

How! Can Philip of Suabia cease to regard Otto of Wittelsbach? Thou envious courtier! What would'st thou be without thy master? What thy master without Otto? I will maintain, and engrave it in my mind by repetition, that the traitor is not so dangerous to a monarch, as the fawning courtier. The one merely aims at his life, while the other darkens his fame, can make him the abhorrence of mankind, and will do it, if he can thereby forward any project.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Well, fellow-traveller, how tastes the air at the Imperial court?

Reu. It smells a little of subtlety, against which an honest man must be upon his guard.

Otto. Ay, a crafty old fox has his hole not far off. Do you scent him? Have you seen the Emperor?

Reu. I have.

Otto. Looks he like a man, or a woman?

Reu. Like a man.

Otto. 'Tis well!

Enter CUNIGUNDA.

Cun. The Count Palatine returned! Welcome my Lord!

Otto. I am like a shalm-piper, who wanders from one wedding to another.—My cousin's nuptials are over, and having heard of your's, I am come hither to amuse you with a tune.

Cun. You are ever jocular and cheerful. Tell me something of Suabia and Bavaria, our dear native countries.

Otto. There dwells men who keep their promises. But I have not seen much of them since I saw you; for I have travelled like a cloud upon the wind. My great desire to hail you bride spurred me, and I my steed.

Enter ARTENBERG.

Art. Sir Frederic of Reuss, the Emperor desires to see you.—Ha! Welcome, Count Palatine!

Otto. Heaven be with you, Artenberg!

Art. You have travelled rapidly.

Otto. But have not kept pace with my wishes.—Hear me. I have been provoked as I came hither. A man was standing on the road, and at his side two dogs. One was a faithful watchful mastiff; the other was a dog of foreign breed. The man had a sop of bread, which he held to the good mastiff, as if it were intended for him, and at the same time waved his empty hand. The faithful mastiff flew where his master pointed, thinking that something had been

cast thither, and that by bringing it he should be still more entitled to a reward. Meanwhile, the man bestowed the sop upon the dog of foreign breed.—I assure you this is not a fable. I witnessed it myself, and, as I told you, I was much provoked.

Reu. I should not like to be on friendly terms with such a man.

Art. (Aside.) How childish!—Come. The Emperor expects you. *[Exeunt Art. and Reu.]*

Otto. Well! What think you of it?

Cun. I pity the poor animal.

Otto. Heaven bless you for it! A blessing suits you well, who are so shortly to be married.

Cun. Let us not talk of that.

Otto. Oh yes! I beseech you, let us have a little conversation on this subject. It is my dearest entertainment, and you were formerly so kind as to pay some attention to my artless words. Do you remember my visits with my father, while you dwelt in Suabia? I used to bear you to my father in my arms—and you gave him a kiss—and me one.

Cun. I was then but very young.

Otto. Is it then really true? Are you betrothed to Ottocar?

Cun. (Sorrowfully.) Yes.

Otto. Indeed!—Now, by Heaven, the more I think of this, the more am I incensed. Is this acting like a man?—I will not say like a prince: for, a good man, who is not a prince, acts far more nobly than a prince, who is not a man.

Cun. To what do you refer?

Otto. With permission, gracious lady, when do your nuptials take place?

Cun. Alas! very soon.

Otto. Alas! How! Are you dissatisfied?

Cun. (*Looks at him in suspense for some time.*) Noble, friendly Otto, will you not deride a poor girl's confidence?

Otto. Forbid it Heaven!

Cun. I must unbosom my distress to some compassionate friend; for though my burden will not be lighter because another knows how much I bear, yet may he strengthen me by kind persuasion. Tell me—is it not dreadful that I am compelled to leave my native land and live with a foreign Prince, who may, perhaps, consider me as the mere scourge of his existence?—(*Weeps.*)—Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?

Otto. Thou sweet celestial being!—Nay, do not weep.—“Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?—A noble declaration! By the God of Heaven, a noble declaration.—Now, hear me. I will return your confidence. Have you patience to listen to me?

Cun. Proceed, I pray you.

Otto. You know I always was your father's friend.

Cun. You were indeed. The whole world knows it. At the peril of your life you paved his way to the Imperial throne.

Otto. That is nothing. I was his friend before he thought of the Imperial throne. While he was but the Duke of Suabia, he once said to me—it is, perhaps, three years ago:—“Otto, I am much indebted to you. Were I possessed of large domains, you should perceive that you have not lavished your friendship on an ingrate.”—This was the answer I returned: “Philip, dukedoms and principalities cannot repay my friendship. Affection can alone requite affection.

Cun. That was noble, Otto—truly noble.

Otto. Hear what your father further said. “And now, Otto, let me give you some proof of my sincerity. My

My Cunigunda will make any man happy. You are a widower." He then gave me his hand, and added: "Remain, my friend, and you may be my son." Was not that noble, too?

Cun. My father—

Otto. Said those very words,—and solemn words they were.—They enflamed my courage, and inspired me with delightful hope.

Cun. And now—

Otto. I see that I was led by a mere *ignis fatuus* into a morass. I will not ask you what you think, for one of two duties must suppress your speech—truth, or filial affection. But what your father thinks I much should like to know—Blue knight, thou wert not a liar, though thou wert a villain.—Tell me—should you have been sorry, had your father kept his promise?

Cun. No.

Otto. No! Heaven bless the artless heart, which dictated this no!—Well, I am a man, and must not whimper like a child.—I will suppose your father made a mistake in the name. Beatrice is a good girl, too.

Cun. My sister!

Otto. See! There she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Bea. Welcome, Count Palatine! You must have ridden fast indeed. You scarcely can have seen Bavaria.

Otto. I staid there just long enough to observe that matrimony is a blessing. While at Wittelsbach I found that my two sons wanted a mother. I myself should like again to see a fire upon my hearth.—You knew my boys some time ago,—they are much grown since then. One is thus

high—the other thus. They promise to be heroes, I assure you.

Bea. They are their father's children.

Otto. And she, who is willing to become their mother, never will repent it. Do you believe this?

Bea. I do, indeed. Were I a mother, I should not wish for better children.

Otto. But a better man for their father?

Bea. A better than you! You certainly deserve the best of wives.

Otto. Beware, lovely Beatrice, lest I take you at your word—Now will I to your father. Should your ears tingle, think of me.—God be with you. [Exit.]

Bea. What means the Count Palatine? His looks were so significant.—

Cun. I fear some difference will take place between our father and the Count.—Sister, three years ago, my father promised Otto that one of us should be his wife.

Bea. One of us!

Cun. So he says. It cannot be my lot, for Ottocar has sent a messenger to urge my speedy departure. You, too, will lose him, for the Duke of Brunswick has signified his wish to marry you. My father told me this, himself, and seemed most highly gratified.

Bea. Heavens! How dreadful, to bestow our hands on men we never saw!

Cun. Dreadful indeed!

Bea. But will the Count Palatine so easily release my father from his promise? I do not think it.

Cun. Say rather, sister, that you do not hope it.

Bea. Well, if it were left to you to chuse a husband from the men you know, whom would you chuse?

Cun. Otto of Wittelsbach.—But dearest sister, let us converse no longer on this subject. The daughters of a humble

knight are happier far than we are. They may consult their hearts, while in us such conduct is a crime.—Come! Let us walk into the garden, and relieve our minds.

Bea. Yes, and talk of that happiness, which we never shall enjoy. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene.—*The Emperor's Audience-chamber.*

PHILIP, REUSS, and ARTENBERG, are discovered.

Phi. So Heaven be with you, good Sir Frederic! When my daughter shall become Duke Otto's bride, expect a valuable present from me.

Reu. I thank your Majesty. ≡

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Be not offended at my intrusion. My eagerness to see you, would not allow me to tarry in the anti-chamber.

Phi. Welcome, Count Palatine! (*To Reuss*) Once more, assure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship, and farewell.

Reu. Heaven protect your Majesty!

[*Exeunt Reu. and Art.*]

Otto. Have I lost my senses? "Assure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship." Tell me, I beseech you, whether I am deaf.

Phi. No, Count. You exactly repeat what I said.

Otto. Peace is concluded, then, between you and Brunswick's Otto?

Phi. Peace and friendship.

Otto. I wish you joy. But, it would have been as well, if you had given me notice of this union. I might

have saved a great expence in preparations for the next campaign.

Phi. How could I? Otto's first messenger arrived to-day.—How fare the Duke and Duchess of Bavaria?

Otto. Lewis sends greeting to the Emperor Philip. He is an active young man. He has founded an hospital at Munich for the relief of his infirm subjects, and done other things which will promote the welfare of his principality.

Phi. These are the good effects of peace. I too will now devote my mind to them.

Otto. And I, my liege. I will convert my armour into culinary vessels. This helmet will make a goodly pipkin—but hold? I had forgotten there were all these holes in it. Well, well! My head has been pieced—why not my helmet? My household will, no doubt, be well conducted, for your Majesty has most bounteously provided towards it.

Phi. I!

Otto. Yes, you. If I must remind you of it, you must allow Otto, of Wittelsbach to converse with Philip of Suabia. Will you do that?

Phi. Yes.

Otto. Enough! You no longer need my aid. Your throne is firm—your enemies are fallen. My sons now claim the attention of their father. They are a bond, by which I have engaged to give the world two men. To perform this duty I will retire to Wittelsbach, but not without a companion. Since my eighteenth year I have been accustomed to this wandering restless life, and must have some one, whose society will make me relish home. You promised I should marry Cunigunda. Give me her.

Phi. Are you serious

Otto. In truth your question is the first joke, which has entered my mind. Shall I call your jester?

Phi. Well, Otto! I cannot give you Cunigunda.

Otto. Why not!

Phi. She is betrothed to Ottocar.

Otto. And is that right? Why not fulfil your promise? Have I deviated from mine? Have I not ever been your friend?

Phi. Yes, but all the conquests you have gained for me are not so conducive to the general welfare, as this union of my daughter with Duke Ottocar. You, who have so often risked your life for me, cannot think my happiness and a whole empire's peace too dearly bought by such a trifling sacrifice.

Otto. I am not a sighing love-sick swain. Though it hurts me, I will be silent, and reckon it among the wounds, which time and medicine have healed. But why was all this done unknown to me? He, who can reconcile this secrecy with any good intention, must be indeed a master of the black art.—I hate smooth glossy speech. Good honest sentiments require no ornament. It is base metal, only to which we strive by art to give the semblance of gold—the sterling gold we leave with its own colour.—No more of this, I beg no more! I'll try to erase it from my memory.

Phi. My friend! My noble Otto! I cannot reward you, but be assured I will be grateful.

Otto. 'Tis well. Refuse not, then, what I so much desire. I ask not for reward or proof of gratitude, but beg it as a pledge of your esteem and friendship.

Phi. What is your wish?

Otto. To be your son-in-law. Your promise justifies my wish. Give me your younger daughter.

Phi. How!—You are too late, my dearest Otto. Her hand is promised to the Duke of Brunswick, that his friendship may be firmly rooted.

Otto. Now, by the God of Heaven I would not feel as you feel now, if I could thereby gain a saint's preferment.

Oh integrity, behold thy recompence.—Philip, trace back the last ten years.

Phi. You have been my friend and I your's, as I still am. Ask of me any thing within the scope of possibility.—(*Aside*) Where is Artenberg?

Otto. Why is it impossible to grant what I demand? I am a Prince's son. Where is the German, who can say his race is nobler? Once more—trace back the last ten years.

Phi. It is too late. Nay, were my younger daughter disengaged, you could not marry her, for you have murdered a near relative of my son Ottocar.

Otto. True, true. I should have tamely suffered a villain to assassinate me, because that villain was—your kinsman.—Away with moderation and constraint! My heart and tongue can brook no fetters. For the sake of your own honour, I beseech you, keep your promise. I will strengthen your army with four thousand brave Bavarians. Despise not what I say, Act not thus towards me, but keep your promise.

Phi. You require impossibilities.

Otto. Keep your promise. I am a Bavarian,—a Count of Wittelsbach, and advise you not to treat me thus.

Phi. You go too far. I will not bear this.—(*Aside*) Where can Artenberg be?

Otto. Not bear it!—Where is Philip of Suabia, who a thousand times has pressed me to his heart,—a thousand times has called me his shield and his preserver? I will impeach him as a perjured man in presence of the Emperor, and should the Emperor support him, I will sue them both before the throne of Equity; where, if their consciences be not completely callous, I will with a single word, or with a single look, drive all their blood into their cheeks.

Phi. Recollect yourself, Count Palatine—then come to me again.—(*Going.*)

Otto. Hold! Take this helmet. I make you a present of it

Phi. What am I to do with it?

Otto. Hide an ungrateful heart with it!—You will not?—Then thus I place it on my head again, and now—strike with your utmost force upon it.

Phi. Away with these flighty notions, Count, and listen to me.

Otto. You would not hurt me, Philip, for that requires the arm of a *man*. Your sword would glance down my helmet, leaving my head untouched—yet Philip, you have rent my heart in twain.

Phi. Hear me, hear your friend!

Otto. Which of you is my friend? Duke Philip or the Emperor.

Phi. Both, or you had not dared, to say thus much.

Otto. Not dared! What! Would you bind my tongue? By Heaven, as long as I can think, I'll speak my thoughts. Truth is not to be silenced by an Emperor—nor am I. My tongue is subject only to the Almighty.

Phi. Otto, methinks it would be better if you would accept a recompence from me.

Otto. What recompence?

Phi. You have heard of the Duke of Poland's daughter. You must—for fame has spread her rare accomplishments and beauty through the world. Princes and Nobles sue for her hand.

Otto. What do you mean? I know it! She is mentioned as the emblem of perfection! I have often wished to see this paragon.

Phi. Only to see her! But to see her, is to love her. How glorious would it be, if Otto of Wittelsbach, the first of German princes in renown and glory, were to bear away this costly prize from all his rivals—and he may.

Otto. (*Sarcastically*) You would promise me the Duke of Poland's daughter too?

Phi. I can and do. You know her father's neighbours are too turbulent, he scarcely can retain possession of his realms. My alliance would assist him much, and if you led his army, your very name would strike his foes with terror. If my proposal suit you, a letter from me shall procure for you a reception the most friendly at the Duke of Poland's court. I will request him to view you as myself, or as my son.

Otto. All this, Philip, does not justify your conduct towards me. It is not right; it is—*infamous*. Thus much, and no more. I will away to Poland. Give me a part of your army, that I may not go like a knight-errant.

Phi. Part of my army you shall have.

Otto. Prepare the letter to the Duke, then, while I give orders for my departure. Forget not, I beg, to say what kind of man I am. Say that I have nothing of the fox in my nature, and that I hate deceit. Say, too, I am not a puppet to be danced by wires, even though an Emperor be the shew-man.—In short say I am a man, sprung from the Princes of Bavaria. [Exit.

Phi. Thanks to my patience for having not forsaken me. A single word would have roused his fury to the utmost. I know his choleric temper.

Enter ARTENBERG.

Where have you been?

Art. In the anti-chamber, my liege.

Phi. Did you hear our conversation?

Art. If it be a crime, your Majesty may punish me. I endeavoured to remove the centinels from the door, for the Count Palatine was so loud—

Phi. Ay, loud and turbulent.

Art. As usual.

Phi. And to my sorrow I must own he spoke like a man,

who deeply felt that he was injured. I ought to have reflected sooner, for he deserves far better treatment. I am ashamed of my conduct towards him, for though my empire's welfare claimed my care, yet should my friend—

Art. The Emperor's dearest friend is his country.

Phi. And merits he not thanks, who saves this friend from ruin?

Art. Surely. Does not Count Otto lose all claim to gratitude, when he demands that for himself, which can alone preserve the empire?—Did you accuse him of Count Wenzel's murder?

Phi. I did, and am ashamed of having done it. We know that Wenzel fell upon him like a base assassin.

Art. I beseech your Majesty not to harbour any scruples on this subject. Could the Count Palatine have gained a peace like this by arms? Never. 'Tis true, your army conquered under him, and he subdued your enemies, but was not your strength thereby diminished? Did not the whole empire bleed? In short, a longer war would have been an evil to all except Count Otto, who would have written his exploits on the tablet of futurity, with the blood of your subjects. He is galled that his ambition should be checked in the midst of its career.— — —My zeal for your Majesty's security and welfare may perhaps lead me beyond the bounds of reverence, but even your anger is not so dreadful to me as the danger, which now threatens you.

Phi. What danger?

Art. Can your Majesty imagine that Otto will tamely submit to treatment, which he thinks the grossest insult? You know his haughty temper, and remember his last words. "I am not a puppet to be danced by wires, even though an *Emperor* be the shew-man."

Phi. Can these words have the meaning which you give them?

Art. Say rather, can they have any other? I saw him before your conference with the Duke of Brunswick's ambassador? Nay, he travelled hither in company with him.—Could this be merely by accident? I trembled at the door, when your Majesty promised—

Phi. You are right, Artenberg. Your fears are not unfounded. He spoke those words with a tone, which betrayed an inward thirst after vengeance. But what can I do? He expects the letter to the Duke of Poland.

Art. That letter is your only resource.

Phi. Resource! How so?

Art. Let it be couched in terms which will avert all danger.

Phi. Be more explicit.

Art. Request the Duke of Poland to receive Count Otto most graciously.

Phi. Well?

Art. But at the same time warn him not to trust the Count with any great command, and by no means to bestow his daughter on him 'till he has thoroughly tried his disposition.

Phi. And then I can request him to satisfy the Count in some other way. Go, Artenberg, go prepare the letter, as you mention. [Exit Art.]

My heart tells me that this conduct is not right, but policy commands it. Otto feels I have injured him, and it is dangerous to confide in an injured friend. His greatness too, throws a shade upon my dignity. I must remove him from my court. The sight of him is irksome to me, for his every look seems to declare I am his debtor.

END OF ACT II.

ACT. III.

Scene.—An Apartment in REUSS's Castle.

Enter STEWARD and WALLRICH.

Stew. But never mind that. Though Sir Frederick be from home, you and your horse shall not want accommodation 'till he arrives. We expect him every minute. If he come not soon, he will find two eyes closed for ever, which are dearer to him than his own, for our lady is dangerously ill. Sir Frederick is transacting some treaty between Otto of Brunswick and Philip of Suabia. I understand it relates to a peace.

Wal. Indeed!

Stew. Heaven grant a peace may take place! The empire has suffered more than enough by this contention for the crown. When the bear and the wolf dispute about the sheep,—who fares worst? The sheep. I should like to know which of the two will give way, for one of them must.

[*A cry of "Welcome! Welcome home!" is heard without.*]

Enter REUSS.

Welcome home, sir knight. This stranger wishes to see you, before he proceeds on his journey.

Wal. (*Presents his hand to Reuss*) Heaven bless Sir Frederick of Reuss! My name is Hans Wallrich. I am an Im-

perial herald, and bring you tidings of your son from Palestine.

Reu. My George! Is he well! Is he an honour to his country?

Wal. That is he, noble knight—an honour to his country and his father.

Reu. My blessing be upon him!—You have brought reviving news for my sick wife. (*To the Steward*) Go, and enquire whether she be asleep. [*Exit Steward.*

I sincerely thank you for these happy tidings.

Wal. Your son, sir knight, is much beloved by all who know him, and his courage is proverbial.

Reu. Heaven protect him!

Re-enter STEWARD.

Stew. The attendant thinks my lady ought not to be waked. She has not slept so soundly since you left us.

[*A bell is heard.*

Reu. See what that means.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Five or six horsemen are hastening hither.

Fre. Go, and enquire who they are, and if you know their names, admit them. [*Exeunt Stew. and Ser.*

Many a time have I stood at a window of my castle, when a knight has been approaching, and always have I said: “Would it were my George, or at least some knight, who brings me tidings of him!” Once more accept a father’s thanks. You are most welcome.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Good day to you, Sir Frederick! Will you admit a pilgrim?

Reu. Scarcely can I credit what I see! Count Palatine, how did you stumble on my hut?

Otto. I am a kind of riding vagrant. I hurry headlong through my life, and shall not find a resting-place 'till death has hurled me from my saddle.

Reu. I am truly glad to see you. I will first make some enquiries after my sick wife, and then return to pledge you in a smiling goblet.—Count Otto, I leave you with Hans Wallrich, who has brought me tidings of my son from Palestine. *[Exit.*

Otto. Came you straight from Palestine?

Wal. No. I have been two months in Poland?

Otto. How fares the Duke of Poland?

Wal. But ill, Count Palatine. The two Canutes of Sweden and of Denmark harass him incessantly. Both sue for his daughter's hand, and each has exerted his utmost power to counteract his rival's wishes, 'till at length the Princess has discarded both, and now both have attacked the father, who cannot, without foreign aid, oppose them.

Otto. Foreign aid! Ha! — — But, tell me—is his daughter so beautiful as Fame describes her?

Wal. Count Palatine, her charms and virtues baffle all description. What Fame says of her is a mere nothing. Alas! Her gentle soul is sinking under the pressure of her father's lamentable situation. Happy is the man, who can redeem him from it, for on him has she resolved to bestow her hand and heart.

Otto. Ha!—I rejoice to hear it.—Who commands the Duke of Poland's army?

Wal. He himself. In courage and experience he is, by no means, wanting, but Fortune ever flies his banner.

Enter REUSS, followed by a boy, bearing silver goblets, and a large flask of wine.

Reu. Boy, fill a goblet to the brim. Welcome to my house, Count Otto of Wittelsbach! (*Drinks.*) Welcome, Hans Wallrich! (*Drinks.*)

Otto. Heaven bless you and yours! (*Drinks.*)

Wall. Heaven bless you and yours, sir knight! (*Drinks*)
[*The boy fills the goblets, leaves them and the flask and goes.*]

Otto. Sir Frederick, I told you, while at Aix, what happened between Philip and myself.

Reu. Yes—that he broke his promise.

Otto. You are right. He can have no sufficient apology for forfeiting his word, but we will try to make the deed not quite so bad by saying I have been wronged, in order to promote the welfare of the empire. This will sound like lawful coin, and every one will take it, because it is stamped with the image of the Emperor.—Well! This worthy man has made me more satisfied with what has happened. I may, perhaps, succeed in relieving the Duke of Poland, and winning his fair daughter's hand and heart.

Wal. Success attend you, noble Count! The enterprize is worthy of you.

Reu. What is the Princess's name?

Wal. Helica.

Reu. (*Takes a goblet*) Otto and Helica! Long life and happiness to both! (*Drinks.*)

Wal. With all my heart! (*Drinks.*)

Otto. Thanks, thanks, my friends.—The Emperor has has given me a letter, which will procure for me a reception the most friendly from the Duke of Poland.

Reu. Rely not on his recommendation. Has he not deceived you once?

Otto. He has, but Philip's sentiments are noble—they were, at least; and surely the Imperial crown cannot have altered them. What a miserable shuttle-cock were he, if his virtue depended on a spangle! I know a diadem does not exalt the wearer's sentiments, but why should it degrade them?—(*Takes a goblet.*)—To the health of the Emperor Philip!—(*Drinks.*)

Wal. I pledge you, Count Palatine.—(*Drinks.*)

Reu. To the health of Lewis, Duke of Bavaria!—(*Drinks.*)

Otto. That is not right, Sir Frederick. You ought to pay respect to him, whose health I drank. What have you to urge against the Emperor?

Reu. When I was sent by Brunswick's Otto, he received me haughtily, and spoke with disrespect of his noble rival, whose birth and courage do not yield to his. Otto would not have done so, had I come from Philip. A German knight allows no Emperor to treat him with contempt, for he is only Emperor, because it is our will he should be so. This, Count Palatine, I never shall forget 'till some creditable act banishes it from my memory.

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. My noble lord, the seal of the great letter you committed to my care at Aix has melted in my bosom. It is not my fault, but the fault of the warm weather.

Otto. Give me the letter.—It is open.

Wolf. Or the reverse, if no one opens it. I have had many a letter in my hand, but the seal was not the only reason why I did not read them.

Reu. What else?

Wolf. I can't read.

Otto. (*Opens the letter.*)—Sir Frederick, as you doubt the good intentions of the Emperor, read that letter.

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. Sir knight, a messenger is just arrived from Bamberg, who states that the Emperor Philip yesterday arrived there, and has appointed a tournament to-day.

Wal. I must begone, then, that I may resume my office as a herald. Farewell, Sir Frederic.

Reu. Farewell! once more, I thank you.

Wal. Count Palatine, success be with you in your undertaking!

Otto. I thank you.

[*Exit. Wal.*

This is strange. When I left Aix, no one had heard that Philip meant to visit Bamberg.—But read, Sir Frederick.

[*Exeunt Wolf and Stew.*

Reu.—(*Reads*)—"Philip, by the Grace of God holy Roman Emperor sends greeting to the Duke of Poland.—Whereas the Bavarian Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach has humbly petitioned his Imperial majesty to introduce and recommend him to the Duke of Poland."—

Otto. How! Humbly petitioned! The Emperor did not read it thus.

Reu. Count Palatine, if any thing further should occur, which the Emperor did not read to you, I beg you to believe that every word is as I read it.

Otto. Enough! Proceed.

Reu. "And whereas the aforementioned Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach is a valiant warrior, and has gained renown in various battles and sieges, his Imperial Majesty hereby requests the Duke of Poland to receive him kindly

and to use his valour and experience as may seem meet to his Royal Highness."

Otto. What?—But proceed, proceed.

Reu. "The Duke of Poland is, however, at the same time cautioned not to entrust any important command to the Count Palatine, and by no means to bestow on him the hand of his accomplished daughter."

Otto. Ha! Ha! Ha!—Proceed.

Reu. Heavens!

Otto. Read on, read on, read on!

Reu. "Accomplished daughter, as the Count Palatine has a disposition much inclined to discord and rebellion."

Otto. Damnation!

Reu. "Yet is it advisable that the Duke should not at first seem inimical to the wishes of the Count, but awhile encourage them. The Duke is likewise hereby desired not to disclose the contents of this letter, as he values the friendship of his Imperial majesty.—Given at our court at Aix. "Philip."

Otto. Philip!—Be Philip the triumphant cry in Hell, when an ungrateful wretch is damned. Give me the letter. Oh that I could write these words in fire upon the azure sky, that all mankind might read them, and the eternal curse of human nature brand the ingrate!—(*Putting the letter in his bosom.*)—I'll wear thee thus within my corselet, and my heart shall drink thy poison.

Reu. Your rage is just. This conduct is most infamous.—Towards you too! Such a man and such a Prince! By Heaven, it calls aloud for vengeance.

Otto. Vengeance! Oh, every drop of blood now boiling in these veins would fire the frame of apathy. But, what can I do more than take his life? To the honest man there are many greater misfortunes than death, but to the villain none—and what is death?

Reu. You may find other means of vengeance. Know you the Duke of Brunswick?

Otto. Would he have acted thus?

Reu. No, on my honour. Count Palatine, your forbearance has been hitherto astonishing. That Philip, after promising to you his eldest daughter, should betroth her and her sister without your concurrence; that without your concurrence he should make peace with foes, whom you alone have humbled, is treatment too contemptuous to be borne. What had Philip been without your aid? Did you not assist him with your kinsman's friendship, and Bavaria's strength? Have you not fought and bled for him? Your reward was glory and renown, and this reward excites his envy.

Otto. Ha!—Now do I see the man in his true shape! Thou envious double-tongued, ungrateful villain!—Heavens and earth! When I think my undesigning nature has been thus abused, I could go mad. I have subdued my disposition, checked my pride and warmth, and taught myself to bear what, as I thought, was intended to promote my country's good. But now, thou wolfish monster,—now thou hast thyself cast off the sheep's skin, hast darted thy claws into my heart,—into my honour.

Reu. Count Palatine, offer this injured heart to Brunswick's Otto, On my soul you will be more welcome far than Philip's daughter. The nuptials are not celebrated.

Otto. No more, Sir Frederick! You too mistake Bavarian Otto. Shall my vengeance rouse fell discord from her slumber, and expose the empire to new dangers? Heaven knows that when I helped to shed the blood of enemies I thought not of myself or of renown, but the justice of the cause, which I defended. The empire has not injured me, but Philip.—Friend, can you fit me with a suit of armour?

Reu. For what purpose?

Otto. I will away to Bamberg, and appal the ingrate.
Lend me a suit of armour.

Reu. You may chuse one in my armoury. I would willingly accompany you, but my sick wife—

Otto. No more, I do beseech you.—How far am I from Bamberg?

Reu. Four miles.

Otto. 'Tis well.—Death and damnation! Am I thus rewarded? Otto inclined to discord and rebellion! Liar! Liar! Liar! I defy the world to prove me guilty of one ignoble thought.—Come, give me a suit of armour.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene.—An Apartment in the old Palace at Bamberg.

Enter PHILIP, with his suite. He seats himself in a chair of state beneath a canopy. ARTENBERG, and other nobles of the court stand on each side.

Waldburg.—(Approaches the Emperor.)—The King of Bohemia's ambassadors await your Majesty's command.

Phi. Conduct them hither.

Enter two Ambassadors.

I should have been happy had I seen King Ottocar at my court, but I find the situation of his country will not allow his absence, and must therefore content myself with the hope of embracing him as my son-in-law at some future period. My daughter Cunigunda is ready to depart with you, but you will, of course, remain at my court during the three days I have appointed for exercise in chivalry. With regard to the other object of your mission, I sym-

thize in King Ottocar's distresses at the death of his kinsman Count Wenzel; but it is not in my power to inflict any punishment on the perpetrator of the act, as the Duchess of Bavaria, who is as nearly related to your sovereign as the deceased, assures me by letter, that Count Wenzel attacked Count Otto in an unwarrantable manner.—You are now allowed to visit your future Queen. Waldburg, conduct them to my daughter Cunigunda.

[*Exeunt Wald. and Amb.*]

Enter HENRY and EGBERT.

Hen. My gracious liege, we beg leave to congratulate you on your arrival in this country.

Egb. And our Duke unites with us in this congratulation.

Phi. I thank both him and you.—You are welcome, and I hope you will break a lance at the tournament.—(*Rises.*)—When the Spectators are assembled, let the signal be given, and I will appear.—Artenberg, remain.

[*Exeunt all but Philip and Art.*]

Oh Artenberg, I never was so uneasy as I am to-day. Why comes not Ottocar in person for my daughter? The Duke of Brunswick, too, seems not to take any further notice of me, though in order to effect an interview with him I removed hither. This coldness on the part of both the Princes indicates—

Art. Excuse my interruption, but your Majesty may rest assured that the same policy, which induced them to make overtures, will induce them also to retain your friendship.

Phi. Yes, as long as they perceive my forces are superior to their own, but should any of my princely defenders cease to support my interest, they will be the first to turn their

arms once more against me,—and one of these princely warriors has forsaken me.

Art. How so, my liege?

Phi. The Count Palatine has always been a bulwark to me.—Oh Artenberg, give me back the letter. Otto is my thought from morn to night. If I see a sword, a helmet, or any thing which wears a warlike appearance, I think of Otto. What has he done, that I should treat him thus? Why should I banish him without a cause? Every thing occurred to me, except his crime.

Art. And I cannot discover his punishment. You have but sent him to earn renown in Poland, and if it be his pleasure, can he not return? Disappointment will abate his pride.—My liege, the tournament is opened.

Phi. What can I do there? It will afford me no delight.

Art. But what will the knights think if you refuse to attend a tournament, appointed by yourself?

Enter WALDBURG.

Wal. My liege, an unknown knight has just appeared before the lists, and requested of the judges a lance and a sword. Your heralds demanded his name, but he refused to answer their enquiry. To Wallrich only he opened his visor, who immediately assured the judges on his life and honour that the stranger was of noble origin. The lists were then opened, and arms delivered to him according to the cartel. Twice he rode round, greeted the assembled knights, and touched with his spear the Imperial scutcheon.

Phi. My scutcheon! Does he not thereby mean to challenge me?

Art. Not so, my liege. As the tournament was appointed for amusement by your Majesty, he means thereby to challenge all your knights.

Wald. So think the judges.

Phi. Enough! I am sorry I cannot be there, for I really am not well, and dare not venture into the open air. My presence will not now be so much missed, as the stranger will occupy the attention of the spectators. When the tournament is closed, conduct the knights hither that the prizes may be distributed. [Exit Wald.

The stranger bids defiance to my knights. Oh that the Count Palatine were here to check his arrogance!

Art. Allow me to accept his challenge.

Phi. No, Artenberg, stay with me, for I have much need of you. I was in hopes that when I had provided for my daughters I should have been at ease, but alas, I am far more discontented than I was before. I have now nothing more to hope, and hope is to a man what a crutch is to a cripple.—Artenberg, endeavour to gain the confidence of the Bohemian ambassadors. You may, perhaps, through them, become acquainted with the real sentiments of Otto-car. His near connexion with Bavarian Lewis is very suspicious. This Prince is now the most powerful in our empire. Should the Count Palatine have thought of being revenged—

Enter CUNIGUNDA and BEATRICE.

Both. My father!

Phi. What now? Why in this haste?

Cun. Waldburg informed us you were unable to attend the tournament, having been attacked by sudden indisposition.

Phi. Waldburg has been attacked by sudden folly. Do I look ill?

Cun. Dearest father, do not conceal any thing from us! Your looks indeed distress us.

Phi. Be at ease. I am well in spite of my looks—only rather—Well, Beatrice, how do you like the tournament?

Bea. Oh my father, I wish you had been there. I never saw any thing like it.

Phi. How so?

Bea. An unknown adventurer bade defiance to our knights. He seemed to be a God, and broke a lance as easily as I can break a tulip's stalk.—His sword seemed to shed fire at every stroke. All the knights fought bravely, but to him it seemed mere childrens' play.

Cun. I do not know whether even the Count Palatine would be a match for him.

Phi. I shall be glad to know him.

Cun. The judges must award the first prize to him; and when I present it, I will request him to declare his name. Will you allow this, my dear father?

Phi. Do so.—Methinks the knights approach. Can the tournament be closed so soon?

Bea. Oh yes! The stranger's valour shortened it.

[*Philip stands before the chair of state under the canopy.—Cunigunda, Beatrice, and Artenberg near him.*]

Enter WALDBURG.

Wald. My liege, they come.

Enter WALLRICH and other Imperial heralds, followed by four Judges of the tilts. The prizes, which consist of a golden sword, helmet, spurs, coat of mail, and belt, are borne on cushions. The Judges are followed by the knights and guests, among whom is OTTO.

Wal. (Approaches Philip.)—Most gracious sovereign, the tournament appointed by your majesty for the manly exercise of your knights is closed according to the cartel.

Phi. My worthy knights and nobles, I return you thanks.—Herald, perform your office.

[The Emperor seats himself. Two Judges of the tilts approach Cunigunda, with the golden helmet and sword. The one takes his place at her right, the other at her left hand. A herald approaches. Flourish of drums and trumpets.]

Her. The first prize is awarded to the valiant unknown knight in silver armour.—(*Otto steps forward.*)—The judges having decreed that, in this day's tournament, you have excelled all your competitors, in breaking the lance, the gracious Princess Cunigunda will present to you the first reward of the lance.—(*Cun. takes the helmet from the cushion, and presents it to Otto.*)

Otto. Gracious Princess, I return you thanks.

[The Emperor is alarmed at the sound of his voice.]

Her. The judges having decreed that, in this day's tournament, you have likewise excelled all your competitors in the exercise of the sword, the gracious Princess will present to you the first reward of the sword.

Cun. Noble knight, if you have made no vow to remain concealed, I pray you let me know to whom I now present the first reward of the sword.

Art. (*Approaches.*)—The Emperor joins in the request.

Otto. I obey.—(*Opens his vizor, and casts his first look on Philip.*)

All. The Count Palatine! Otto!

Otto. Am I really the Count Palatine, Otto of Wittelsbach?

[*Philip turns pale, and tries in vain to suppress his alarm. A sudden tremor seizes him, and his daughters, who perceive it, run to him and embrace him.*]

Cun. My father!

Bea. Oh, you are very ill.

Phi. Away!—(*Springs up, and goes towards the door, led by his daughters.*)

Art. and Wal. Make way! Make way!

[*Exeunt Phi. Cun. Bea. Art. and Wal.*]

Otto. Ay, run, run, thou dignified monster. Could'st thou hide thyself and all thy majesty within the compass of a nutshell, I would find thee.

Wal. Count Otto, what is your opinion of this sudden attack?

Otto. A brize, perhaps, has stung the Emperor's brain.—Tell the knights that nothing further will be done to-day.—(*Wallrich converses with the knights, &c. who, by degrees, depart in groups. Otto walks to and fro, till the apartment is quite empty.*)—Villany is not in his nature, or he would not have been thus affected. The rack of conscience forced confession from him. But, if a look could thus disorder him, what will a word effect—a word spoken with the warm sensation of injured integrity—I will verify what thou hast

written, ingrate. I will fill thy mind with discord and rebellion, stir up its faculties against each other, and turn thy utmost fury on thyself, by brandishing before thy eyes the flaming sword of truth.

Enter HENRY, hastily.

*Hen. (Draws out the letter.)—*Brother! Brother! This is infamous.

Otto. Infamous! most infamous! Oh that I had the voice of thunder! All the world should know how Otto has been injured and insulted. Give me the letter. 'Tis a talisman, which rouses my whole being into fury.—What am I doing here?—Farewell, brother.

Enter EGBERT.

Egb. Welcome, Otto! What is the matter? Your voice, as I approached, resounded dreadfully.

Otto. At another time!—Let me pass.

Egb. Otto! My brother! Stay, for Heaven's sake. Wolf says you have been much insulted. Who can have dared—?

Otto. Philip of Suabia.

Egb. The Emperor!

Otto. Philip of Suabia.

Egb. Say the Emperor, brother.

Otto. Offer up your prayers for the Emperor,—I will, meanwhile, converse with Philip of Suabia. Egbert, thou art a prophet. Dost thou recollect thy words, when I took leave of thee at Braunaw? “Otto, methinks some mighty deed awaits thee.”—Mighty the deed is not, but horrible.

Egb. What mean you, brother?

Otto. I have been deceived, imposed upon, insulted.

Hen. By the friend, for whom so often he has risked his life—by Philip.

Otto. My reward is calumny.

Egb. Calumny!

Otto. Foul calumny.

Hen. And contempt.

Otto. Read, brother.—(*Gives him the letter.*)—My nature made it easy to impose on me. I, like a fool, trusted a man, who once had broken his promise. How could I suspect deceit in him, for whom my disinterested friendship had already done so much, and was willing to do so much more? Even my claims upon his daughter, which were founded on a promise the most sacred, I renounced, because his welfare was far nearer to my heart than was my own.

Egb. (*After having read the letter.*)—Brother, this is an unheard of insult.

Otto. Does it not cry aloud for vengeance?

Hen. For blood.

Otto. (*Starts.*)—Blood!

Egb. Heaven have mercy on thee, brother! Thou hast uttered a most dreadful word. Reflect—he is the Emperor, the sacred head of the holy Roman Empire.

Hen. Go to mass, Egbert, and pray for the—

Otto. He is the Emperor! Dost thou mean thereby to remind me of my duty and respect. All Germany bears witness to my unshaken loyalty, and active zeal in the protection of the Imperial diadem.—But, is this an action, which becomes an Emperor? To impose upon and basely injure his most faithful friend—Otto of Wittelsbach—a Count Palatine!—Native Bavaria, I will bring no disgrace upon thy Princes.—Brothers, farewell. My injured heart demands redress. I go to place before the eyes of Philip his most ignominious conduct in its ugliest shape.

Hen. He will not regard your words.

Otto. Then will I appeal to the assembled Princes of the empire. My voice is of some consequence, and Germany never will allow her crown to be profaned by this deceitful, villanous, ungrateful man.

Hen. Brother, rely not upon that. Justice is not at all times proof against a bribe.

Otto. Well, then—my best resource is left, my honest staunch Bavarians. I know they love me, and will cheerfully repay each drop of blood, which I have shed for them. They wrested the Imperial crown from Brunswick's Otto, and placed it on the head of perjured Philip.—How, if they were now to turn their arms against him?—Philip, thou hast loosened the foundation of thy throne. Thou hast trodden on the lion, who has guarded thee, who so often has besmeared his main with the blood of thy enemies. Fool! Fool! Fool!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene.—*The Emperor's Apartment.*

Philip is discovered on a couch, and Artenberg, sitting near him.

Phi. 'Tis well the surgeon thought it right to breathe a vein. It will now be generally believed that I was attacked by sudden indisposition. Do you think the guests observed I was alarmed at his appearance?

Art. It was evident to all that your majesty turned pale and trembled.—Your alarm seemed to augment the pride of the Count Palatine more than a victory. “I am the man, who can appal the Emperor with a single look.” Thus boasts he now.

Phi. Ha!—Damnation! I will follow your advice, and oppose my dignity to this overbearing arrogance, which condescension but increases.—Go in search of him. Pry

into his motive for returning, but be upon your guard, when you converse with him—send Waldburg hither.—
(Exit Art.)—Artenberg is right. I will no longer reply to his defiance with submission, to his pride with condescension—else will his haughty temper rise so high, that my Imperial dignity will lose its consequence.

Enter WALDBURG.

Come hither, Waldburg. We will proceed in our game.—
(Seat themselves to play at chess.)—I like my situation. It was your turn.

Wal. That move relieves me.—There!

Phi. It does indeed.—What is the general opinion respecting the Count Palatine?—I move my bishop thus.

Wal. The general opinion seems to be that he has lost your majesty's favour.

Phi. And the reason?

Wal. No one can devise.—I take your bishop.

Phi. How!—You have made a rapid progress in the last five moves.—Who causes that confusion in the anti-chamber?

Enter OTTO, speaking to the centinels.

Otto. Do you think your halberds shall oppose my entrance?

Phi. Proceed, Waldburg.

[The Emperor continues to play, but in great confusion, while Otto approaches the table, and silently surveys the board.]

Wal. The game is mine. Your last move—

Otto. Yes, yes. Move your knight thus, and it is checkmate to the Emperor.—(*He does this, and overturns the pieces.*)

Phi. What do you mean?

Otto. That you are mated.

Phi. No. I might have been relieved by—

Otto. Impossible, unless you threw your antagonist and chess-board out of the window. You would then have won the game in a most creditable way.

Phi. This is childish, Count Palatine.

Otto. You are mated both in body and soul.

Phi. Who called you? What do you want?

Otto. To enquire after your health. I hear you have been bled. Where is the blood? I will soon tell you what is your disorder.

Phi. I have a surgeon.

Otto. He is a fool. Your confessor should have opened a vein of your conscience.

Phi. Count Palatine, remember with whom you are conversing.

Otto. Let me exchange a few words with you in private. [Wal. is going.]

Phi. Waldburg, remain here. The Count Palatine and I have no secrets. What he has to say he may say in your presence, and let him at the same time not forget to whom he speaks.

Otto. Do you, then, know who I am? No.—Majesty no longer bears in mind the deeds of Otto.

Phi. Why do you not proceed to Poland?

Otto. Because that cold climate does not suit the warmth of my temperament.

Phi. Give me back my letter, then.

Otto. Your letter! No.

Phi. How! I insist upon it.

Otto. Here it is.—(*Holds it open before him.*)

Phi. Who dared to break my seal?

Otto. God—God himself.

Phi. The insult is insufferable.

Otto. Oh Patience, holy Patience, hold my heart-strings, lest they crack.

Phi. Count Palatine, do not forget yourself.

Otto. Happy were it for me, if I could forget who I am.

Phi. Give me my letter.

Otto. That will I not. Who are you? You say you are a man. I am one. Justice shall decide between us.—Philip, shall the duped friend, or injured Prince address you? But what is the term *friend* to you—It was your own advantage, not your heart, which taught you the word.—Thou perjured Duke, I require not gratitude, but insult I will never brook. Prove that I ever was the cause of discord and rebellion. Prove that I was ever guilty of a crime against the empire or yourself. Prove this, I say, or write beneath this letter: “*The above is false.*”

Phi. Madman! This to thy Emperor!

Otto. Cursed be he, who reveres not his Emperor. But think you that you wear the sword of our great Charles to mortify the sacred dignity of Princes? Think you that a diadem can screen a shameful action? Think you that the Imperial sceptre is a talisman, which can lame by its enchantment the faculties of all mankind? Write, write, Philip! Recall this falsehood! That were better, than that I should to the assembled empire, charge you with a crime so base.

Phi. Peace, audacious wretch! I will arraign thee as the murderer of Wenzel and slanderer of Majesty. The last word of my favour is—*Fly!*—Now, brave my indignation,

if thou darest, degenerate as thou art.—(*Exit with Waldburg into the adjoining room.*)

Otto.—(*Transported with fury, strikes his breast and calls as the Emperor goes.*)—Duke Philip! — — Why should the mastiff be content to bark?

[*Draws his sword, and rushes into the adjoining room.*]

Enter HENRY from the antichamber.

Hen. Brother! Where is he? I heard him speak with violence.—(*Goes to the door of the next room.*)—Great God of Heaven!

Enter OTTO, pale, trembling, and almost deprived of every faculty.

Otto. The Emp — eror's — — [*Shews his bloody sword.*]

Hen. Oh! Away! Away! Away! — [*Drags him away.*]

Wal.—(*Within.*)—Help! Help! Murder!

[*The Centinels rush in with Artenberg.*]

Art. What now?

Wal. A surgeon! Haste! Thrice in the Emperor's breast, Count Otto—

Art. Quick! Quick! Pursue him.—I must send instant tidings to the Duke of Brunswick.—Pursue the murderer! Haste! [*Exit.*]

Enter CUNIGUNDA and BEATRICE.

Both. Oh Heavens! My father.

[*The bustle and the cries increase on every side. All crowd into the adjoining room.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT. IV.

Scene.—*An Apartment in the Castle of Wittelsbach.*

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Restore to me my peace of mind, Oh Wittelsbach. Thou didst witness the smiles of my brave father, when the nurse delivered me into his arms. Then should an earthquake have shattered these huge walls, and buried me beneath their ruins, that the worthy noble Berthold might not have been the father of a murderer.— — — No, Wittelsbach. To me thou never canst restore my peace of mind. Sink, sink, and hide thy lofty turrets under the surface of the earth.

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Wil. God bless you, father!

Edg. God bless you, father!

Wil. Father, where does Frankfort lie?

Otto. (*Points through the window*) Far beyond yon hills to the north.

Wil. Give me a horse, and a 'squire that I may go thither.

Otto. For what purpose?

Wil. Wolf says there are many Princes assembled there to determine something against you. I'll say to them: "Princes, don't do that, for my father is strong, and if you displease him, he will kill you. You know he killed the Emperor, who was stronger than you all, and if—"

Otto. Hold!—Begone!

Wil. To Frankfort?

Otto. Take thy bow, and shoot as many sparrows as thou canst.

Wil. I don't like to kill a creature no bigger than my hand.

Edg. I shot a sparrow in the wing this morning, and when I took it in my hand, it reminded me of you, father, for it chirped: Philip! Philip!

Otto. Away from me!

Wil. Father, give me a larger bow, that I may kill a buck.

Otto. Thou art not strong enough.

Wil. Oh yes, I am. Let me try whether I can raise your sword. (*Attempts to draw it.*)

Otto. Be quiet, boy.

Wil. (*Examining the sword*) Father! Did you kill the Emperor with this sword?

Otto. (*Stamps.*) Quit my sight, this moment, both of you!

[*Exeunt Wil. and Edg.*]

Oh conscience, conscience!—Even the simplicity of these two boys is a reproach, a scourge to me—When in riper years they find that I could leave them nothing but an empire's curse—oh horrible! But I will rack my soul with thoughts like this, until it says to itself: "Thou hast endured enough."

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Oh my Lord! How do I dread the sight of any one from Frankfort!

Otto. Wolf, what dost thou call this deed?

Wolf. Revenge.

Otto. Murder.—Wretched, wretched is he, who comes into this world with strength of mind and manly fire. Oh

Nature, if it be thy wish to merit the title of a good mother, form no more beings with the soul or body of a man. Such are not meet for times like these—their lot can be but misery and ruin. If thou dost wish thy childrens' happiness, let their sinews be void of strength, their veins of warmth, their breast of feeling. Bestow upon them subtlety, a double tongue, and ever smiling countenance—then wilt thou form a proper creature for this hospital—the world.— — But hark! who comes?

Enter DUCHESS.

How, noble Duchess! Have you so little regard for your own dignity?

Duc. Do not, dear kinsman, be offended, that I thus surprise you; but I feel myself compelled to see you. Tell me, I beseech you—was Count Wenzel's death the cause of Philip's anger?

Otto. No. Philip availed himself of this pretext to give his conduct some appearance of justice, but in fact, it was my integrity, which made me lose his favour. Thus it is, noble Princess. I bore the ungrateful perjured man upon my shoulders to the throne, and scarcely did he sit in state, ere he dismissed me from his side, that the world might think he had risen by his own exertions. Contempt for my fidelity, and insult for my waste of blood!—Such, such was Otto's recompense.

Duc. Shameful ingratitude! Count Palatine, it has lain heavy on my soul that I was the instigation of Count Wenzel's attack upon you.

Otto. You!

Duc. He roused my indignation against you by reporting that you had defamed my character. I was fool enough to credit his reports, and required him to revenge my wrongs.

My husband convinced me of my mistake when it was too late, but Heaven be praised, that I am not the cause of the misfortunes which have happened. Let me see your sons, dear kinsman. Where are they?

Otto. Wolf, bring them hither. (*Exit. Wolf.*) Well, noble Duchess, may Bavaria hope—

Duc. You ask the question, probably, because I wish to see your children. (*With a smile of satisfaction.*) Well, if you suspect it, let me have your blessing.

Otto. You are doubly welcome. Otto can still rejoice. Accept my warmest wishes for your welfare—your are appointed by Heaven the mother of Bavaria's welfare.

Duc. Count Palatine, your disposition is truly noble and generous. How many a man would wish that I might never be a mother, if he were, like you, the heir to this proud dukedom.

Otto. Shame on the wretch, whose groveling soul could harbour such a thought!—See! There come my boys.

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Duc. Dear lovely children!

Wil. (*Gives her his hand.*) Father, is this the mother you promised to bring us?

Edg. (*The same.*) I hope it is.

Otto. Boys, you remind me of every thing which tortures me. This is the Duchess, your kinsman's wife.

Wil. I wish she had been our mother.

Edg. So do I.

Duc. I thank you, sweet children.—(*Kisses them.*)—Count Palatine, I am going to receive my husband on his return from Frankfort. I have given orders for the erection of some tents upon the borders, where I mean to await his arrival. Will you allow me to take these children with me? You

will oblige me much by it, and in a few hours I will restore them to you.

Wil. and Edg. Oh father, let us go.

Duc. Grant their petition, worthy Count.

Otto. Take them. I know they will be in good hands.

Duc. Farewell, then, and come soon to Braunaw.

Otto. To the christening. Angels guard our Duchess!

Wil. and Edg. Father, God be with you!

Otto. May he protect you, my children!

[*Exeunt Duc. and Boys.*]

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Count, your brother Henry is arrived.

Otto. Where is he?

Wolf. He galloped into the court a few minutes since, but would not see you till the Duchess was gone. He and his horse are covered with dust and sweat, as if he had just left the field of battle.

Otto. Call him—

[*Henry rushes into Otto's arms.*]

Hen. Oh my brother!

Otto. What now, Henry?

Hen. My poor proscribed unfortunate brother!

Wolf. Proscribed! Oh dreadful day!

Otto. Henry, is sentence passed upon me?

Hen. It is—a sentence the most horrible.

Otto. The Imperial ban?

Hen. Alas! — — Yes.

Otto. (*After a pause with resignation.*) I did not think that I was born to suffer this disgrace—What did they call my crime?

Hen. Regicide.

Otto. Well, the sentence is most just. My crime may be

termed regicide on earth, but Heaven will not condemn me as a regicide. God knows, I only felt the insult of one man to another, and my fury told me that no judge should decide between man and man, but the sword

Hen. And now?

Otto. Otto is fallen, like a broken lance. But no.—My manly courage never shall forsake me.

Hen. Manly courage brooks not injustice.

Otto. The Princes have passed sentence upon me according to the law, which considers the deed, the consequences, and the example. I have laboured to establish the dignity of that power, which now condemns me. Oh brother, wretched as I am, I still can feel some consolation, when I reflect to what a pitch our country may be raised by this spirit of justice, which refuses to be dazzled by the splendour of high birth. My disposition is well known. My motive for this deed is also known. Many will pity, none condemn me. I know that the Princes would rather have forgiven me, but it was not in their power. The safety of the German states demanded vengeance on me. Oh! 'Twas an unhallowed moment, when the sensation of man's natural freedom overpowered the duties of the friend, the citizen, and subject.—Judges, judges, your sentence is most just.

Hen. Is Otto's nature altered? Is Otto's spirit quite subdued? Who made these men your judges? Have we ever said to any one of them: "Be thou our master?" Are we to bear the yoke which our fathers—

Otto. Hold, brother. We enjoy the rights and privileges, which this general union of the German states bestow on every individual of the empire.

Hen. You enjoy them no longer.—The states have robbed you of these rights and privileges.

Otto. No, Henry I have robbed myself of them.

Hen. Brother, if you can satisfy yourself with such ideas, it is well—but I cannot. What have I, and what has Egbert done, that we should be condemned?

Otto. You! You!

Hen. Condemned as accomplices in your crime.

Otto. Brother—you!

Hen. “Be the ban of the empire pronounced on Otto, Henry, and Egbert!”

Otto. Henry and Egbert! Damnation! I scarcely can believe it.

Hen. Scarcely could I, when, muffled in the habit of a pilgrim, I stood among the spectators at Frankfort, and heard the herald thrice pronounce the ban upon me. The words regicide and traitor, with which Otto’s name was branded, still were sounding in my ears, when like an unexpected thunderbolt, sentence was also passed on Henry and on Egbert. — — — (*Otto seems to breathe with difficulty, and his eyes roll horribly*) Oh my brother! Would you had been there!

Otto. I am there! You condemned! Henry and Egbert condemned!—No drop of Philip’s blood was shed by you, though your’s was often shed for him. What is your crime?—Loyalty and zeal.—Tremble, ye Princes, for Otto, though proscribed, is Otto still.—How did Lewis act?

Hen. The Duke remembered that his grandfather was also your’s.

Otto. How did he act, I say?

Hen. He defended you with fervour, but finding no one to support him, in your cause, he acquiesced in the sentence.

Otto. And on you?

Hen. He thought our guilt not proved, and therefore left the court

Otto. Where is Egbert?

Hen. I know not. He is probably, gone to our sister in Hungary.

Otto. Henry, Henry, thou hast stung me to the soul. The tribunal calls me regicide—my conscience calls me fratricide.—By all the powers of Heaven, I cannot, will not, bear it. By one murder Otto fell—by a thousand shall his brothers rise. Away! Seek your friends, and bring them hither, I will be their leader, and as I hope for mercy, you shall be restored to all the rights of which you are deprived.—

Hen. Why not restore yourself to all these rights?

Otto. That must not be. Go, Henry, and return as soon as possible.

Hen. When the centinel upon the castle-turrets shall hear the din of arms and neigh of horses, Henry of Andechs and his friends approach. Farewell.

Otto. Farewell. I will prepare a feast for them. The castle of the proscribed Count shall once more ring with revelry. Away! [Exeunt.]

Scene:—A Tent in an open place near Aicha, and not far from Wittelsbach.

The DUCHESS, an ATTENDANT, WILIBALD, and EDGAR are discovered in the Tent.

Wil. Have you no other house but this?

Duc. Yes.

Edg. What are you doing here, then?

Duc. I am waiting for your kinsman.

Wil. Where is he?

Duc. He is now, I hope, on his way from Frankfort.

Wil. From Frankfort!

Duc. Yes. Why does this surprise you?

Wil. I am glad he has been at Frankfort, for he will not let the other Princes injure my father.

Att. I believe my lady they are coming. The boy on the hill waves his flag.—Shall I retire with the children?

Edg. Why retire? I have done nothing wrong.

Will. I want to see my kinsman again.

Att. Pshaw! only for a joke.

Wil. Well, if it be a joke, I'll go with you, but I must shake hands with my kinsman.

[*Exeunt Att. Wil. and Edg.*]

Enter DUKE and REUSS.

Duke. I thank you for this proof of your affection, my Ludmilla.—This is Sir Frederick of Reuss, who is sent to me by the Duke of Brunswick.

Reu. Duke Otto craves your friendship, noble lady.

Duc. I thank him. You are welcome, good Sir Frederick.

Duke. My love, let us proceed to Braunaw.

Duc. How! Why in such haste? I have prepared refreshments for you.

Reu. What castle is that whose lofty turrets seem to touch the clouds?

Duke. (*Casting a melancholy glance towards it.*) Wittelsbach.—My love, let us proceed to Braunaw.

Duc. What means this look of sorrow? Is Otto's fate decreed?

Reu. It is, and if you know the heart of the Count Palatine, you will lament his fate sincerely. The ban of the empire is denounced against him, and every dastard is permitted to assassinate him.

Duc. My dearest Lewis!

Duke. Oh do not speak to me. My heart is quite oppressed.

Duc. Thou good, thou excellent man! Is such thy fate, who but to-day bestowed thy blessing on my hopes, although they crushed thine own?—(*Deeply affected.*)—Dreadful! Dreadful!

Reu. Noble lady, how this tear becomes you!

Duke. Dear Ludmilla, do not thus indulge in unavailing sorrow.

Duc. How could the Princes condemn so brave, so good a man?

Duke. It was not the Princes, but the law of God and man, which condemned him. To pardon such a crime were to be guilty of another.

Duc. And has he no resource?

Duke. None.

Duc. Might not your influence—

Duke. My influence shall never lend protection to the guilty. Otto was ever dear to me, and is so still. I call God to witness that I would shed my blood to efface his crime, but were it in my power to pardon him, I would not thus disgrace Bavaria.

Duc. Protect him, and his children, all ye guardian powers. [*Exit hastily.*]

Duke. What means this? Sir Frederick, I beseech you, go to Wittelsbach. Tell the unfortunate Count what has happened, and prevail upon him to fly without delay. Calheim and his troop must be already on their way to the castle. Greet him from me, and tell him I lament his fate.

Reu. Age and experience have steeled my breast, but this is more than I can bear. Once more I tell you, Duke, you have condemned a noble valiant man. God bestowed on him a manly soul, and fiery temperament. Through these he became a hero, and—a criminal.

Enter DUCHESS and the CHILDREN.

Duc. Know ye these boys?

Wil. and Edg. Welcome, kinsman Lewis.

Duke. How came they hither?

Wil. The Duchess brought us from Wittelsbach.

Duke. They must away

Duc. Do you know the way to Wittelsbach

Both. Oh yes.

Duc. Return, then, to your father.

Edg. Alone?

Wil. For shame, brother. Why not alone?

Duc. Right, Wilibald. Alas! You are doomed to walk on a far more dangerous path without a guide.

Edg. But if we should lose our way—

Duc. Wretched outcasts! You cannot lose your way. You have no home—no hope—no father

Wil. No father! Have the Princes at Frankfort taken him from us? *[All are much affected.]*

Edg. Oh kinsman! You are our Duke. Force the Princes to let us have our father again.

Reu. Do not be alarmed, dear children. You have still a father.

Duke. Yes—that you have, by all the Saints of Heaven. Let this kiss confirm it!— *[Kisses them.]*

Wil. Come, brother.—*(Takes Edgar's hand.)*—Let us run home to our father.

Duke. Hold!—Sir Frederick, take them with you. I give you no instructions, for you know my sentiments. I expect you at Braunaw in the evening.

Reu. I will be there! 'Till then farewell. Come, children.

Duc. Sir Frederick, bring them to Braunaw with you.

Reu. If it be possible, I will. Farewell, noble lady.

Duc. God be with you all!

Wil. and Edg. Farewell! Farewell!

[*Exeunt Reu. and Boys.*]

Duke. Let us begone, my love.

Duc. Oh!

Duke Your distress doubles my own. Remember, dear Ludmilla, remember that the mildew blights the ripening fruit. Come, I beseech you.

Duc. No resource for Otto?

Duke. None on earth.

Duc. Then be he wretched here, to be hereafter blessed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene.—An Apartment in the Castle of Wittelsbach.

Enter OTTO and WOLF.

Otto. Who are these men, and how many are there?

Wolf. Eighty, my lord. They are Bavarians, and there is not one among them, who has not fought with you. On hearing what had happened, they forsook their homes, and are come to offer you their arms and hearts. They are resolved to wash away the ban with blood. Thus said Conrad in the name of all.

Otto. Conrad! Is he among them?—Open my cellar, Wolf, and give them every thing my castle can afford.—What noise is that?

Wolf. Your Brother comes.

Enter HENRY.

Otto. So soon returned! Art thou a dove or raven?

Hen. A raven! All is lost. Misfortunes crowd upon us. Troops are already on their march against the proscribed Count of Wittelsbach.—They are led by Charles of Calheim.

Otto. Let them come. They shall feel that Otto still can wield a sword. Have you observed my friends assembled in the court? Go, Wolf, and see they are provided with every thing they want. [*Exit.* Wolf.

Hen. Prepare for your defence. Calheim is not far distant with his troops.

Otto. 'Tis well. The savoury smoke of my chimney shall lure them so near that we may slay them with our lances from the walls.

Hen. Your force is small, brother. It consists of only eighty—

Otto Men. Conrad of Aicha is among them, and if his companions bear any resemblance to him, we shall not long be cooped within this cage. Then with my naked sword will I open the jaws of your judges, and compel them to swallow the sentence they have passed on you and Egbert.

Enter CONRAD, and some of his comrades.

Con. Into the field, Count Palatine! Lead us into the field. From the turret we discern some troops approaching.

Otto. Are you all Bavarians?

Con. To a man. There is not one among us, whom I should be ashamed to call my brother. "To battle" is the general cry of all.

Otto. Be not so hasty. We must know them, ere we march against them.

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Wil. Father, are you there?

Edg. They have not taken you away.

Otto. Thanks be to Heaven, I see my boys again. Ha! Who comes now? Sir Frederick of Reuss!

Enter REUSS.

Conrad, retire awhile with thy companions.

[Exeunt Con. and Com.]

Welcome a thousand times!

Reu. Duke Lewis greets you this.—*(Gives him his hand.)*

Hen. Greets he thus the man, against whom he has denounced the empire's ban?—He slays his friend—then sends him balsam.

Reu. Think you that I would accept employment so absurd? Lewis's heart is noble.

Otto It is. He would not condemn my brothers.

Hen. But he condemned you.

Reu. Count Henry, I can witness that he did it with reluctance the most painful. Honour and a kinsman's love contended in his bosom. He defended the Count Palatine with ardour.

Otto. Defended me! But why did he say nothing in favour of my brothers?—For them alone is my nature roused. The voice of conscience and of every duty is silenced in my bosom. Sooner will I heap murder upon murder—sooner will I bear the name of monster and assassin through the world than any one shall dare to lay a hand on Henry or on Egbert.—Damnation! Is it their wish to crush

at one blow all the race of noble Berthold? By my soul I swear that shall not be.

Hen.—(*Embraces him.*)—My brother!

Reu. Allow me to say a word upon this subject.—Count Palatine! When did you know a crime committed in a moment of passion effaced again by passion?—Why did neither of your brothers come to prove your innocence? They would not have been refused safe conduct to the court.

Hen. None of our race has ever stood before a tribunal.

Reu. None ever was before accused. Count of Andechs, you must yourself confess that appearances were much against you. You arrived at Bamberg on the very day that your unfortunate brother perpetrated the act, and you fled with him. I am the only one, who can attest your innocence, and am prepared to do it in presence of the assembled Princes. Count of Andechs, I here give you my hand, and promise on the word and honour of a knight that if I live, you and your brother Egbert shall be released from the Imperial ban.

Otto. Sir Frederick!

Reu. Count Palatine, you have witnessed what Frederick of Reuss has promised to the Count of Andechs.

Otto. You think there was no malice, no deception?

Reu. I assert and will maintain that there was none. Unwillingly the Princes passed the sentence, and in the eye of Lewis stood a tear. Even the late Emperor's faithful servants wept, and pitied you, for they had heard their master's dying words.

Otto. He cursed me, no doubt.

Reu. No. He cursed the day, on which he injured you. He lamented your hot temper, which had thus destroyed you both. "Woe be to him," cried he, "who caused the difference between us!" He pardoned you sincerely,

called you his noble friend, invoked a blessing on you, and expired.

Otto.—(*In most violent agitation.*)—Wretch that I am!—The murderer of my friend!—Oh Philip, Philip, Philip!

Hen. Dear brother, whence this sudden agitation?

Otto. Ah, now do I feel the real ban. The enraged Almighty Ruler has denounced his ban against my soul. A thousand demons are at once awoke within me.—My friend murdered by myself—my Philip—my Emperor, whose heart had never harboured any bad intention against me! Oh day of horror! I am no longer Otto.

Reu. Fool that I was to lend you the suit of armour, and suffer you to leave my castle unaccompanied. But what avail my complaints? Let us now think of means—

Otto. Raise the murdered Philip from his grave, or think no more for me. I will think of nothing but the noble Philip. Sir Frederick to you I recommend my brothers. Upon your honour I rely for their acquittal. And now, oh God, assist me, while I touch upon the most painful part of my distresses.—Frederick, my children!

Reu. Lewis has sworn by all the Saints of Heaven that he will be their father.—

Otto.—(*After some reflection.*)—No. They will but remind him of their father. In the empire they cannot now remain. I will send them to a friend, who dwells in the woods of Arden.

Hen. I hear the shout of war.

Enter WOLF and CONRAD.

Wolf. My lord, the castle is surrounded.

Con. Lead us out. Let us drive this Count of Calheim home again.

Reu. They are already come—alas, before I have fulfilled the Duke's command.

Otto. Conrad, dost thou speak in the name of thy comrades?

Con. Yes. My words are theirs.

Otto. Let some of the oldest among them come hither, that they may hear my sentiments. Call them, Wolf.

[*Exit.* Wolf.]

Enter WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Wil. Father! Father! There are many men come.

Edg. They want to catch you, father.

[*Otto looks at his sons for some time—then turns away in great affliction.*]

Enter WOLF and BAVARIANS.

Otto. Why are you come hither, thus in arms, my countrymen?

Con. The empire's ban is denounced against you. We are come to protect you.

Otto. Know you what it is to do this? By opposing the decree of the empire, you make yourselves participators in my guilt. Surely your hair must bristle towards Heaven, when I avow my crime. Hear me. I am the murderer of the Emperor. If your natures be not roused by this, hear still more. He was my friend—he injured me, I grant—but he was my emperor—my friend. Will you protect me?

Con. and all. We will.

Otto. If any one among you had been injured by your Duke, and were to murder him, would you protect that

man?—You are silent. Right! Such conduct would be treason in its vilest shape. Regicide is parricide, for Princes are the fathers of their subjects,—Bavarians, will you protect me now?—You are silent. Oh, return to your homes, I beseech you. I welcomed you at first, because I thought the conduct of the tribunal unjust towards my brothers. I find, however, it was not so.—Innocence and truth will relieve them from the ban, but guilt hangs heavy upon me. No blind attachment should direct you. Justice alone should be your guide.—Go home, and pray for me.

Hen. Brother, whither so fast?

Otto. Follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene.—The Gates and Walls of Wittelsbach—Calheim and his Troops have surrounded the Castle.

Cal. (*Strikes the gate with his lance.*) Yield, yield, thou proscribed regicide. Give the signal. (*Trumpets sound.*) Otto of Wittelsbach, hear the command of Lewis, Duke of Bavaria. [*Otto appears upon the walls.*]

Otto. What says my kinsman Lewis?

Cal. He commanded me to march against the murderer of our lawful Emperor, to take him prisoner, and raze his castle to the earth.

Otto. Are these the words of Lewis?

Cal. They are my words, and the meaning of Duke Lewis.

Otto. Thou prating hero!

Cal. Thou haughty regicide! Dost thou mean to skulk within thy castle?

Otto. No.—(*Calls.*) Open the gates. Conrad, withdraw, and take thy comrades to their homes. I return my heartfelt thanks to thee and them for this mark of affection.

[*The gates are opened, and Conrad appears with the Bavarians.*]

Cal. Hold! who are you, and why are you in arms?

Con. Bavarians—friends of Otto, Count Palatine of Wittelsbach. Make way, and let us pass.

Cal. Hold, I say! Why are you in arms.

Con. We intended to have stretched you, and your followers in the dust, but Otto has commanded us to go in peace. Make way, or we must disobey him.

[Begins to force a passage.]

Cal. Ha! Here comes the regicide.

Enter OTTO, leading WILIBALD; and HENRY, leading EDGAR; followed by REUSS, WOLF, and attendants.

Cal. Seize him instantly!

[He approaches Otto, followed by some of his soldiers. Conrad and the Bavarians turn, and guard the Count Palatine with their lances.]

Reu. (Draws his sword.) Dare not to lay a hand upon him, as you regard yourselves.

Hen. (Draws his sword.) My brother!

Cal. How now! Is it thus that you obey your Duke's commands? Ye base perfidious perjured crew!

Otto. Bavarians, I thank you for my life, on account of my children. To myself it is a hateful burden. I have not raised my sword to protect myself from justice. If there be one among you, who requires my blood to pacify the shade of Philip, let him step forth. Welcome is death to me from the hand of a man, who demands it from a motive so exalted and to his protection I will bequeath my children.—Frederick of Reuss, once more I charge you to remember my brother and your promise. Bear my last greeting to my

kinsman, Lewis, and recommend my brave defenders to his generous nature. Farewell, farewell, my brother!—Children, bid farewell to your countrymen and Wittelsbach.

[Takes the eldest in his arms—Henry, the other.

Wil. and Edg. Farewell, countrymen! Farewell, Wittelsbach!

[The Bavarians return thanks by dropping their lances.

Otto. Thank them for your father.

Wil. and Edg. We thank you for our father.

Otto. And now, let us be gone.—Come, my children! Another glance at my native castle—brother—friends—countrymen ——— and now away!

[Takes his children, and goes, followed by Henry, Reuss, Wolf, &c.—Calheim and his troops enter the castle.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene.—*The Ruins of Wittelsbach Castle. The Country is covered with heaps of Stone and Rubbish. It is midnight.*

Enter CONRAD and another Inhabitant of Aicha,—each with a lance and mattock.

Inh. Conrad, the stars have compassion on our shins, for if it were not so light, I should never find my way, well as I know every part of this country.

Con. Neighbour, is that Wittelsbach?

Inh. It was, neighbour.

Con. Alas! why is the abode of generosity and virtue abandoned to the night-crows? This was once the refuge of every one in distress! How many thousands, who entered Wittelsbach with heavy hearts, have returned blithe and contented. He, whose language was not understood within a hundred miles, found Otto ready to receive him.—Oh, should some stranger wander hither, who, when at home has heard of Otto's hospitality, what will he feel, when he beholds these ruins? "Why was the castle of the noble Count demolished?" he will ask; then, leaning on his spear, he will listen to the mournful tale, and with a sigh pursue his way.

Inh. Neighbour, it is midnight, let us not return as poor as we came.

Con. This spectacle subdues every wish for gold.

Inh. Shall I begin to search among the rubbish?

Con. Ay, for what I care, (*Inh. goes to the back ground, and begins his search.*) His pains will be fruitless; for the

Counts of Wittelsbach were never wont to hoard their wealth.

Inb. Conrad!

Con. Have you found any thing?

Inb. Not yet. How silent and dreary it is all around!

Con. Amuse yourself by whistling or by singing, neighbour.

Inb. Hark!

Con. What now?

Inb. I heard a noise.

Con. A goblin in the neighbourhood, perhaps. When it comes so near as to be seen, call me.—Have you discovered nothing yet?

Inb. No. We have bad luck, Conrad.

Con. I am not surprised at that.

Inb. Not surprised! Why, were not Otto's ancestors always accounted rich? Did they not give away their wealth by handfuls?

Con. That is the very reason why you find none.

Inb. Pshaw! They could not give it all away.

Con. Neighbour, let me advise you to give over your search. It is folly to seek gold in the abode of virtue.

Inb. Why, I came by your advice.

Con. True, and I own folly in having given you such advice. Neighbour, your wants distress me, but time spent here is only lost. I should be thoroughly ashamed were any one to find us here, good as our intentions are. Every Bavarian ought to weep, when he beholds these ruins, for here dwelt the noblest of Bavaria's princes. I could talk to every stone which I behold, and weep.

Inb. I have so many sorrows of my own.—Hark! I heard something again.—

Con. Pshaw!

Inb. I can distinguish footsteps.

Con. Footsteps!—I would not be detected with this vile mattock. Let us conceal ourselves, and observe who passes.

[Hide themselves in the ruins.]

Enter OTTO, WOLF, WILIBALD and EDGAR.

Otto. Once more the swallow flutters around its nest, and chirps with gratitude, then—then, farewell for ever!—*(Stops and surveys the ruins.)* Oh Wittelsbach! Wittelsbach!

Wolf. My lord, why are you come hither? This doleful spectacle will but increase your misery. Follow my advice, my Lord, and quit this dreary spot.

Wil. Father, who has destroyed our castle?

Edg. We have no home now.

Otto. Peace, peace, my children. The grave-digger will ere long procure us an asylum. While we can bear the load of life, we will share the habitation of the stag. There we can patiently await the hour, at which the Almighty shall summon us away. Pray to him, children. Beseech him to bestow on you two feet instead of these two hands, that you may fly far from the haunts of men, and herd with the beasts of the forest. Poor luckless beings! The most wretched of mankind has still a name; but you, alas, have none! Oh! could I weep, I would baptize you with my tears, and call you Outcasts of Wittelsbach. See! Wittelsbach is no more. Fallen are her lofty turrets, and the residence of princely warriors is become a nest for poisonous adders.—And I—I am the accursed cause of all—I—the murderer of my Emperor—my friend.

Wolf. My Lord! my dearest Lord!

Wil. Don't say those bad words again, father.

Otto. Ye spirits of my ancestors, if ye did ever leave the regions of eternal bliss when I have been projecting some ex-

· ploit at the dead of night, (and oft I thought I felt your influence) doubtless ye hover now above the ruins of your dwelling. Oh deign to manifest — —

Wolf. Silence, for Heaven's sake. Disturb not the repose of the dead.

Otto. Hark! Hark! They denounce their curses on the degenerate Otto.

Con. (*From the ruins.*) Hail to the noble Otto.

Otto. (*Starts.*) What was that?

Wolf. Methought I heard a voice said: "Hail to the noble Otto!"

Otto. Some deception lurks here. I must dive into it. Give me my lance.

Wolf. Oh stay, my Lord.

Wil. and Edg. Stay, stay, father.

Otto. My lance this instant! (*Takes it, and goes among the ruins.*) Whoever thou may'st be, repeat thy words.

Con. (*From his place of concealment.*) Hail to the noble Otto!

Otto. Who art thou? answer me.

CONRAD and his Companion appear.

Con. Conrad of Aicha, your old servant! Once more, hail to the noble Otto!

Inb. Hail to the noble Otto!

Otto. What are you doing here?

Con. We are come upon a very foolish errand, Count Palatine.

Otto. Folly will produce nothing but repentance. What is your errand?

Con. My Lord, I will confess what it is, though it is to my disgrace. My neighbour, here, has a father ninety years of age, who is sick, and stretched upon a bed of

straw. He came to me, and begged my assistance. Money I had none, for I had spent my all in the late wars. What was to be done? Suddenly it occurred to me that my neighbour might, perhaps, find something of value buried in these ruins.

Otto. Have you succeeded?

Con. We were fools to fancy that we ever should.

Otto. Why so? Do you think there is nothing of value buried here? Do you remember, Conrad, that my grandfather, Otto, supported from his private coffers a whole army for Bavaria's defence! Do you remember that my father, Berthold, during the famine, eat at his own table crusts of bread steeped in water, that he might support thousands of his countrymen? Thinkest thou, they did not thereby hoard a treasure?

Con. What treasure?

Otto. The blessing of Bavaria upon Wittelsbach.

Con. and Inb. True! True!

Otto. But I have shaken off this blessing, and loaded myself with a curse. I was a good branch of the old tree, but I bore destructive fruit, and it was right to lop me off. May the tree remain! May posterity repose beneath the shade of it, and may no one ask: "Why was a branch of such a noble stem lopped off?"—Lewis, thou hast condemned me. Lewis, thou hast my blessing.

Con. Say but one word, and you shall be restored to all your former dignity.

Otto. What word?

Con. War.

Wil. and Edg. War.

Otto. (*To the Children.*) Ye thoughtless brats! Why do you echo such a word? Have I not shed the blood of him who ruled the empire? Shall I too spread ruin and destruction through the empire? Cursed be he, who seeks his own re-

venge in civil wars. Oh, could I think that either of my children would hereafter cherish a thought destructive to the holy empire,—at this moment would I dash his head against the ruins of my castle.

Wolf. My Lord, I pray you let us hence. The morning dawns.

Otto. Alas! Hitherto I journeyed by the light of day through town and country, but now—peace, peace!—I will straight to the Holy Land.—As for thee, take thy old father to the hospital at Munich lately founded by the Duke.

Inb. No, my good Lord—

Otto. Why not?

Inb. I would rather steal for his support. Would it not be an everlasting shame upon me, if I were to let the Prince maintain him when it is my duty.

Otto. Blessings on thee, good Bavarian! Wolf, hast thou any money left?

Wolf. Not more than you will absolutely want, my lord.

Otto. True. I do want it. Give it hither.—There! Share that with Conrad. [*Gives it to the inhabitant of Aicha.*]

Con. No, no, Count Palatine!

Otto. Conrad, I have not given thee this without a motive. Take these two boys, and be their protector for a few days, when I shall send a man from the woods of Arden for them

Wil. I'll stay with you, father.

Edg. So will I, father.

Otto. Have you a father? No. I deprived you of him, by trying to bestow on you a mother. Go, children. Go with this man. You know him?

Wil. and Edg. Yes, we know Conrad, but—

Otto. No more! Go with him. Conrad take them away.

Edg. Why do you send us away?

Wil. Have we done any thing wrong?

Otto. Horror! Horror! Oh spare me, Conrad. — — —
But yet—another kiss—a father's kiss.—Oh God! How
difficult it is to part with those we love—*for ever!*—Fare-
well, my first-born—Wilibald!—Farewell, my Edgar!—
The guardian saints of Heaven protect you!— — Conrad,
it was lucky that I found thee here.—Go—go—and greet
my neighbours, the citizens of Aicha.

Con. Blessings on you, noble Count! Had you not en-
trusted such a treasure to me, I would have wandered with
you to the world's end.

Wil. Father, we shall soon meet again.

Edg. Very soon, I hope.

Otto. My heart-strings will crack. Away! Away! (*Ex-
eunt Con. and Boys.*) Yes; we shall meet again—and soon
perhaps, for soon, my hapless infants will no longer have a
natural protector. (*Seats himself on a stone.*) I have often
secretly valued myself upon that stedfast manly spirit, which
never would allow misfortune to depress it, but now—

[*Covers his face.*

Wolf. (*Surveys him for a moment.*) His eye disdains to
weep, although his heart is bleeding.—This was Wittels-
bach—and this was Otto.

Otto. — — Let us quit this spot.

Wolf. Ay, come, my lord.

Otto. Wolf!

Wolf. What now, my—

Otto. How old art thou?

Wolf. Sixty-five years.

Otto. Go, then, to Braunaw. Tell the Duke thou wert
his kinsman's armour-bearer. Lewis will support thee.

Wolf. Could you then discard me? May my soul want
mercy, if I ever leave you! I can dress your wounds at
least.

Otto. Come hither, then. Apply thy balsam to my heart, for that is sorely wounded.

Wolf. Alas! I cannot heal it.

Otto. Come, then. I will to the left, and wash my hands at sun-rise in the Danube.

Wolf. Have you not heard that Calheim still is in this neighbourhood?

Otto. Thou shalt be my surgeon, and my grave-digger—but not my guide.— — Hold! wouldst thou be more ungrateful than the stork?—Wouldst thou go without a farewell look towards Wittelsbach?

Wolf. Oh!

Otto. Habitation, name, and native land, farewell?—Bavaria!—My children!—Wittelsbach!—Philip!—Oh agony!—
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene.—*A Wood near Oberndorf. The dawn of morning breaks through the heavy clouds.*

Enter HENRY and EGBERT, disguised as Pilgrims.

Egb. Have I then journeyed thus far once more to embrace my brother Otto, and shall I not find him?

Hen. Find him we will, if even half consumed by worms. But no doubt he is wandering near Wittelsbach, 'till he has found some situation for his children.

Egb. Our sister in Hungary will be a good mother to them.

Hen. Let us then away to Wittelsbach. Lewis, I hear, is gone from Braunaw to Neuburg.

Egb. For what reason?

Hen. He expects to meet Otto of Brunswick there, whom he means to accompany to Aix. Otto will doubtless now

be chosen Emperor. This is a happy circumstance for us, if the ambassador, Sir Frederick of Reuss, keep his promise.

Egb. But our poor brother—

Hen. When we are again restored to our dignities, we shall have power enough to gain his pardon. Come! let us seek him.

Egb. I hear a noise.

Hen. True. Let us conceal ourselves. I can distinguish some one in armour. *[They retire.]*

Enter CALHEIM, with his troops.

Cal. The intelligence may be relied upon. He will pass through this wood. This is the only bridge over the stream, and here I take my station. My duty commands me to be indefatigable in the pursuit, for it would be an eternal disgrace to Germany, were he to escape with life. Come! I will appoint to each his post at a distance from the public road. Such men as he avoid the paths, which others tread. Come! *[Exit with his troops.]*

HENRY and EGBERT appear.

Hen. There did I sculk unarmed, while fury boiled within my breast. Calheim! Calheim! Thou monster!

Egb. Oh brother, let us fly to find him.

Hen. Away towards Wittelsbach! I know the way.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter CALHEIM, with some followers.

Cal. We will, as I told you, guard this bridge. The spy, whom I employed, has never yet deceived me, and according to his account, Otto intends to pass through Hun-

gary to Jerusalem. (*Aside.*) True, my good friend, Artenberg. Were this man to remain alive, and find that thou wert the cause of the Emperor's conduct towards him, the consequences might be fatal to thee. But thou shalt not repent the confidence thou hast reposed in me. I hate this Otto, and will not leave the death of my old patron, Philip, unrevenged. As for his brothers, they may wander where they will. Let Otto fall, and Calheim's vengeance is complete.

[*Goes towards the bridge, where his followers have stretched themselves at their ease.*]

Enter OTTO and WOLF.

Wolf. I heard several voices distinctly both to the right and left. Oh, my lord, beware lest you fall into any snare laid for you by this Charles of Calheim.

Otto. Have we not thus far pursued our way unmolested? But now—I am weary. I must repose beneath these trees awhile.

Wolf. You weary, my lord! Alas! You are indeed no longer Otto.—But, for Heaven's sake, do not tarry here. I feel a chill through all my frame. Do not tarry here.

Otto. The place is well adapted to the sensations of my soul. The owl shrieks in yonder tree, and seems to summon restless spirits to their revels. The bat flits past us, and the vermin of the night already seems to claim us as its prey.

Wolf. I beseech you, let us proceed.

Cal. Holla! — — Who goes there?

[*His followers spring up.*]

Wolf. Away! Away!

Otto. Holla, friend! Come nearer. Who appointed thee toll-gatherer at this bridge? I will pay nothing. Let me pass.

Cal. That voice, and that person, if the twilight deceive me not, betray you are—

Wolf. Draw, my lord.

Otto. A man. If thou dost doubt it, come nearer that I may rub my beard across thine eyes, and wake thee.

Cal.—(*To his men.*)—'Tis he.

Wolf. Oh, my lord! Away! Away! 'Tis Calheim, your enemy. Away!

Otto. Ha!—Calheim, I am Otto. Heaven reward thee for the trouble thou hast had! No battery could have razed my castle so completely. No mason's tool could have so perfectly disjointed it. Hast thou, then, changed thy trade? Art thou become a watchman—or what art thou?

Cal. I am the avenger of majesty and of the empire. Yield, regicide. No lances here defend thee, as at Wittelsbach.

Wolf. Fly, my lord, fly.

Otto. Otto never fled from man. Though no Bavarian lances now defend me, still do I stand upon Bavarian soil. Firm as an oak I stand. Who will fell it?

Cal. I!—(*Stabs him from behind.*)

Wolf. Villain!—(*Attempts to draw his sword, but is disarmed.*)

Otto. That was a dastardly attack.—(*Falls.*)—Ye cowards!—Oh! Well aimed! Well aimed!

[*Wolf supports him.*]

Cal. I am satisfied with this revenge—be thou so with the punishment. A regicide deserves far more.

Otto. That is true,—therefore—I pardon thee.—(*Falls.*)

Wolf. Oh do not fall, my lord.

Otto. Yes, Wolf.—Life ebbs a pace.—Farewell, my trusty servant!—Farewell, my children! and Bavaria!—
[Dies.]

Wolf. Oh day of horror!—(*Tears his hair in frantic agony. Some of Calheim's followers stand near Otto, and survey him with a look of mingled awe and sorrow.*)

Enter HENRY and EGBERT, conducted by some of Calheim's men.

Cal. Who are you?

Hen. What do I see? My brother? Oh Otto! Otto!

Egb. God of Heaven.

[*They fall at each side of the body.*]

Wolf. Away! Rob me not of my office. I am his surgeon and his grave-digger.

Hen. Who committed this dreadful act?

Cal. I, the avenger of majesty, and the empire, the executer of the law, the punisher of treason—Charles of Calheim!

[*Henry and Egbert kneels at each side of their brother, Wolf at his head. The curtain slowly descends.*]

THE END.

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